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OCT. 16, 1957

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MOTOR SHOW NUMBER

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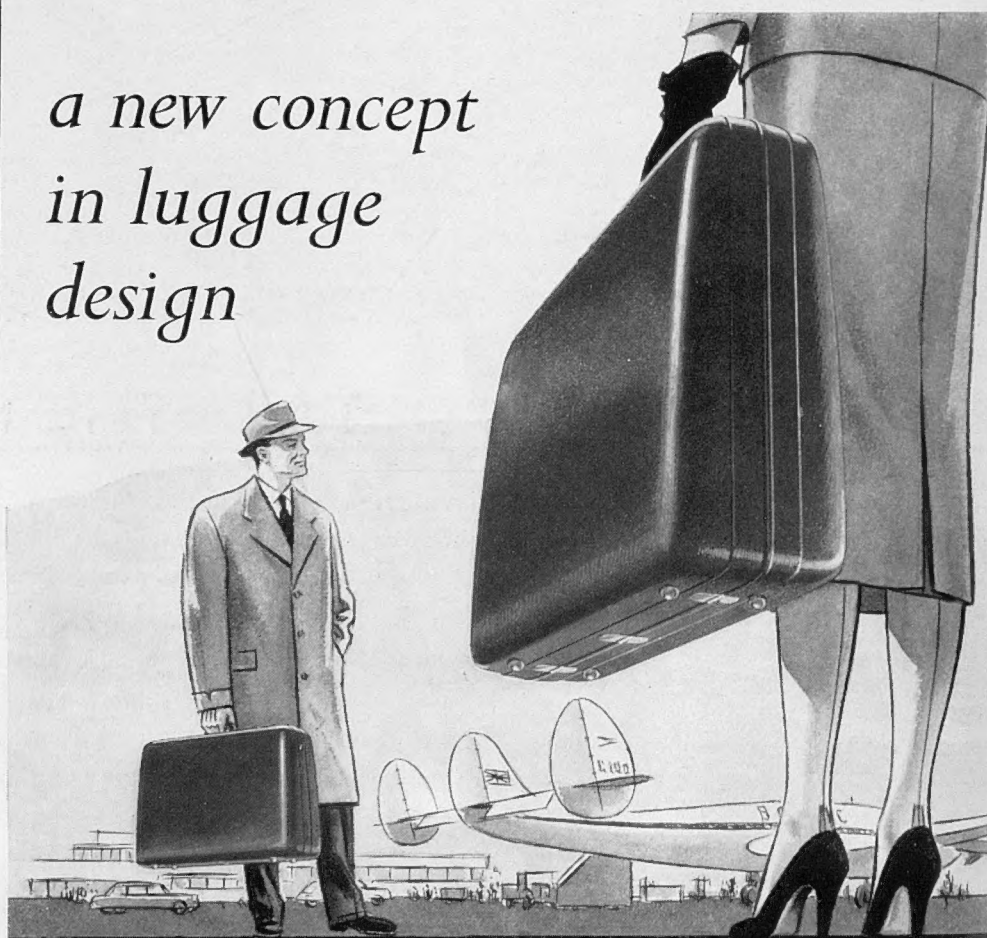
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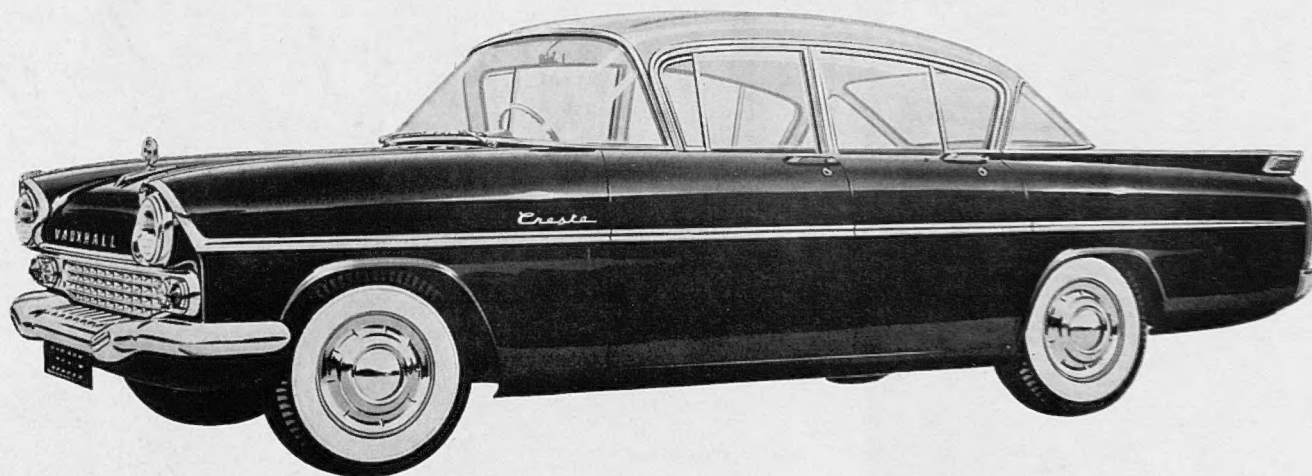
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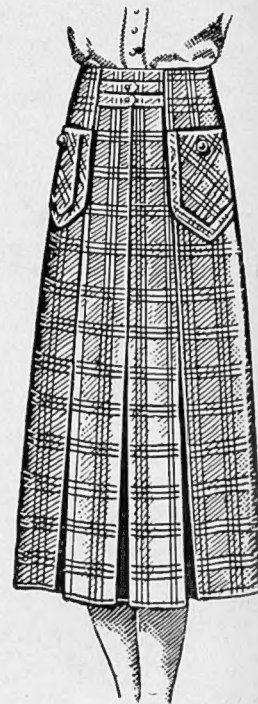
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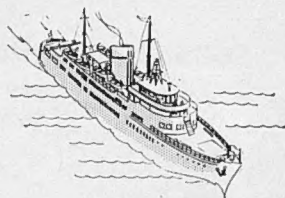
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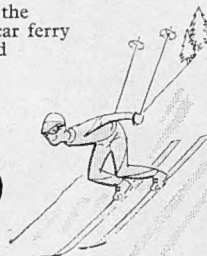


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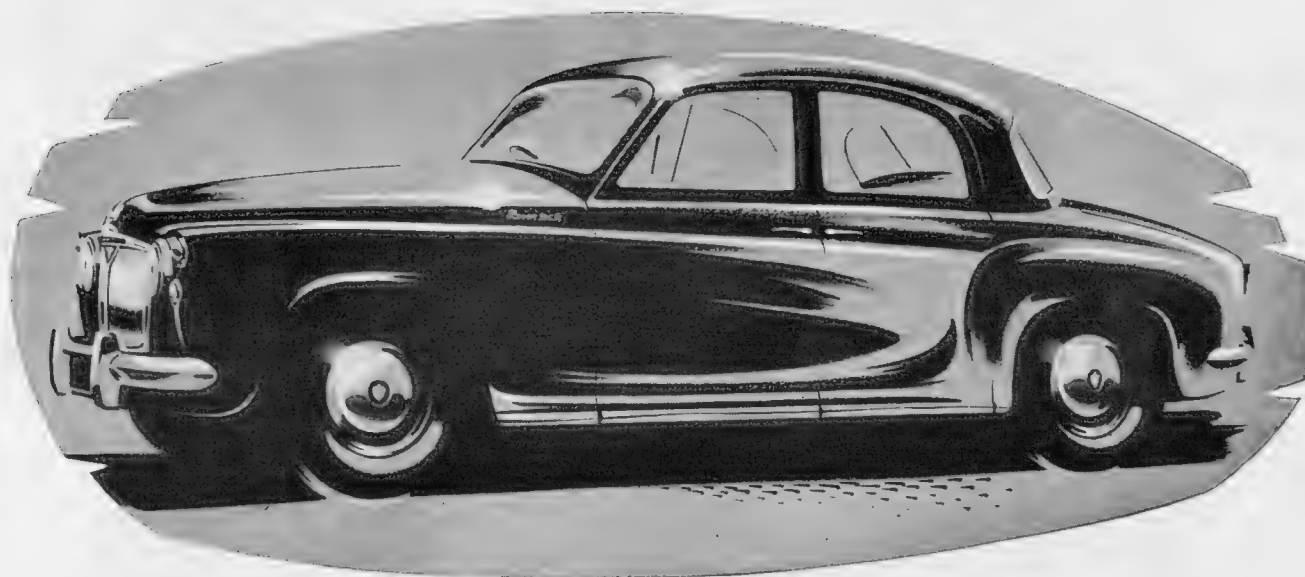
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From October 16 to October 23



LADY ELIZABETH STOPFORD, who appears on the cover this week, is the daughter of the Earl of Courtown and of Mrs. Christopher Vian; she has an elder sister, Lady Mary, and a half-brother and sister, Viscount Stopford and Lady Felicity Stopford. Lady Elizabeth was presented in April and shared a coming-out dance with Miss Elizabeth Eaton and Miss Caroline Spicer. She is fond of music and reading and is interested in aviation

Oct. 16 (Wed.) International Motor Show (to 26th), at Earls Court.

Royal Jersey Agricultural and Horticultural Society's Autumn Cattle Show, Jersey.

Royal Ulster Agricultural Society's Autumn Show (to 18th), Balmoral, Belfast.

Association Football: England v. Rumania (under twenty-threes), floodlit match, at Wembley.

First nights: The Judy Garland Show at the Dominion Theatre; *Henry VI* Parts 1 and 2 at the Old Vic.

Dance: Mrs. W. A. A. Greenwell and Mrs. Patrick Maxtone Graham for Miss Eve Greenwell and Miss Susan Smartt at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Racing at Newmarket (Cesarewitch); steeplechasing at Cheltenham.

Oct. 17 (Thu.) Sussex Cattle Autumn Show and Sale, Ashford, Kent.

First nights: Anton Walbrook and Moira Shearer in *Man Of Distinction* at the Princes Theatre; *Henry VI* Part 3 at the Old Vic.

Dance: Mrs. William Boxhall for Miss Susan Boxhall, at the Lansdowne Club.

London Reel Club Ball at the Hurlingham Club.

Racing at Newmarket; steeplechasing at Cheltenham.

Oct. 18 (Fri.) Dance: Mrs. Gavin Clark and Mrs. Alan Walker for Miss Gillian Clark and Miss Elizabeth Walker, at Twatley Manor, Malmesbury.

Michaelmas Ball at the Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead, in aid of the Ascot and Sunninghill branch of the N.S.P.C.C.

Racing at Newmarket.

Oct. 19 (Sat.) British Horse Society One Day Trials at Chatsworth Park, Derbyshire.

Association Football: Wales v. England, at Cardiff.

Dance: Mrs. Le Hunte Anderson for Miss Juliet Anderson, at Standen Manor, Hungerford.

Racing at Sandown Park and Stockton; steeplechasing at Kelso, Market Rasen, Worcester and Towcester.

Oct. 20 (Sun.) Tchaikovsky Concert, 7.30 p.m., Royal Albert Hall, by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, soloist Pouishnoff.

Oct. 21 (Mon.) First night: *Inbal*, at Drury Lane.

Racing at Hurst Park (both rules) and Wolverhampton.

Oct. 22 (Tue.) The Queen and Prince Philip return from their visit to America.

Seventy-first Dairy Show (to 25th) at Olympia.

Exhibition of Society of Marine Artists (to November 20, provisional date), Guildhall Art Gallery.

Royal Society of St. George Annual Dinner at the Savoy.

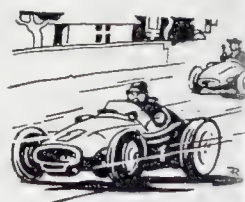
Dance: Mrs. Donald Maclean for Miss Fiona Maclean with Mrs. Roland Bourne for Miss Sally Bourne, in London.

Racing at Hurst Park (both rules) and Wolverhampton.

Oct. 23 (Wed.) Prince Philip will visit the Dairy Show at Olympia.

Cambridgeshire Dinner Dance at the Dorchester.

Racing at Hurst Park (both rules) and Lisburn.



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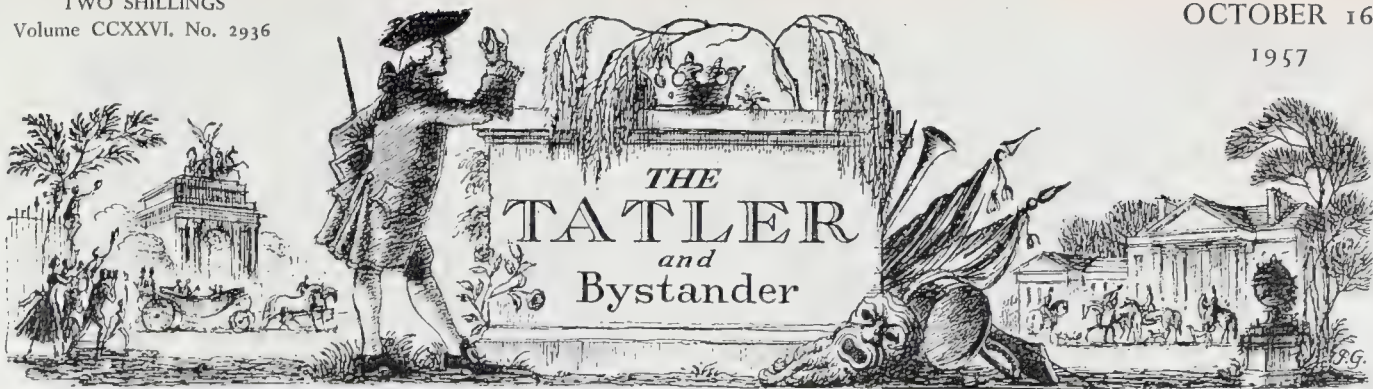
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F. J. Goodman

A hostess in Pelham Crescent

MRS. ANTHONY KINSMAN, who is the sister of Lady Melchett, is seen at her beautiful London house in Pelham Crescent. Her husband was formerly a Major in the Grenadier Guards, and is now a member of Lloyd's. The

Kinsmans are both very keen yachtsmen, and spend much of their free time sailing their own yacht. Whenever they can, they visit their picturesque eighteenth-century country house near Malaga in Spain. They have a small daughter

RED CROSS RECEPTION

LORD AMULREE, President of the County of London Branch of the British Red Cross Society, and Mrs. Gerald Legge (right) were among those present at a reception given at the Wilton Place home of Miss Elizabeth Allan. It was to announce plans for Red Cross Restaurant Day on October 23, when collections will be taken in restaurants to help make up the Society's current deficit of £84,000



Desmond O'Neill

Social Journal

Jennifer

THREE MEMORABLE PARTIES

THE Belgian Ambassador and the Marquise du Parc Locmaria have made a great number of friends during their stay in London. Many of these, from all spheres of life, came to wish them good luck at the farewell reception they gave at the Belgian Embassy. Among members of the Diplomatic Corps, I met the French Ambassador whose daughter was getting married the following morning, the Dominican Ambassador and his wife, the Japanese Ambassador and Mme. Nishi, the Portuguese Ambassador looking very tanned after a few weeks' holiday sailing off the coast of Portugal in his yacht, and the Luxembourg Ambassador and his attractive wife Mme. Clasen who was in a very chic mushroom pink ensemble, with a furry hat to tone. They were talking to a group of friends, including the Earl and Countess of Scarborough and the new High Commissioner for Canada, Mr. George Drew, and his very charming and attractive wife whom everyone is delighted to welcome to London.

I ALSO met Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, who has had a busy time with a number of engagements to fulfil during her husband's absence in America, at the World Monetary Conference, and the Earl and Countess of Reading who had a few weeks' well earned holiday in Sicily this summer. Lord Reading, who works harder than most men and travels farther in a year, was just off on another official trip. The Dowager Lady Swaythling was in her usual gay spirits in spite of an accident a few weeks ago, when she was knocked down by a motor cycle in Piccadilly. Also at the party were the Mayor of Westminster and Lady Norton, the former Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Stirling, Mrs. Gerald Legge, one of the Westminster City Councillors, Rafaele Duchess of Leinster, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Woods, Mrs. Alistair Cameron and Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller. Members of the Belgian Embassy staff were busy taking care of the guests, both in the first floor suite of reception rooms and downstairs in the dining-room where a buffet was arranged. Among these were M. and Mme. Champenois (he is Counsellor at the Embassy), the very popular Assistant Military and Naval Attaché, Commandant Georges Cuissart de Grelle and his charming wife, and M. and Mme. Hippolyte Cools.

From here I went on to another farewell party, given by Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller in their beautiful Hill Street house. This was really only an "Au revoir" party as the Millers, though leaving a few days later for New York, where they always spend the winter, will return to London next year. Mr. Miller had to get back there quite early this year, as he was presenting the late Dylan Thomas's play *Under Milk Wood* a few days after his arrival. Mrs. Miller, who is always impeccably dressed, greeted her guests in a super version of "the sack," in black, which she had just bought in Paris from Balenciaga.

WHEN I arrived, guests included Princess Joan Aly Khan sitting on a sofa talking to General Sir John Marriott, who has a house nearly next door, in Hill Street, and Cdr. Colin Buist, who was there with his wife. He was talking to Deborah Kerr—who is, in my opinion, even more beautiful in real life than on the screen, and always so quietly and beautifully dressed. This time she wore a dress of beige coloured silk. Lord and Lady Dynevor, who are now back in their Eaton Square flat, after spending the summer holidays at Dynevor where they had several friends staying, were both looking very well.

I also met the Spanish Ambassador, the Duque de Primo de Rivera, Mr. Whitney Straight, who has shortly got to fly to Australia on a business trip, Sir "Chips" Channon very bronzed after his holiday in Venice, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Mrs. Rex Benson, Earl Beatty, Mr. Peter Coats, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Acton, Mr. Charles Harding and Loelia Duchess of Westminster.

MRS. BILL O'BRYEN (Elizabeth Allan) very kindly lent her house in Wilton Place for a meeting to discuss plans for Red Cross Restaurant Day which is to take place next Wednesday, October 23. This is in the middle of Motor Show Week, when London is usually very full, and on that day a bevy of beautiful girls and young marrieds will divide up and go round many of the London restaurants at lunch time, asking patrons kindly to contribute a donation to help the Red Cross, which badly needs more money to carry on its humanitarian work in every emergency and disaster, and to extend its help to the sick, aged and needy.

Mrs. Arthur Fawcus, who was acting as chairman in the absence of Lord Luke, whose father-in-law had died the previous day, received the guests. Dame Anne Bryens, deputy chairman of the B.R.C.S., made a short speech very much to the point. Others present at the meeting were Mrs. O'Bryen, Mrs. Gerald Legge, Lady Seymour Hicks (Ellaline Terriss), Lord Amulree, Lady Templer, Brig. and Mrs. Campbell Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Nicholson, Miss Sonia Avory, Miss Ann Kirby, Miss Nicolette Roeg, and Mrs. Norbury, assistant director of the London Branch of the Junior Red Cross.

★ ★ ★

THE Haberdashers' Hall in Gresham Street made a most beautiful setting for the joint dance which Mrs. Richard Hanbury, Mrs. Arthur Procter and Mrs. Donald Smith gave for their débutante daughters, Miss Lucinda Hanbury who wore an attractive dress of deep blue and red, Miss Susan Procter who looked pretty in green, and Miss Carolyn Smith who wore a most becoming lavender coloured dress. This was the first occasion on which this famous City Company's Hall had been lent for such an event. The lofty banquet hall, which was badly damaged during the war, but has been rebuilt and decorated superbly, has a number of priceless portraits adorning the walls. These had been most cleverly glazed with Perspex for half their depth, to guard them against any damage during the evening. In the attractive alcoves set each side in the panelling of the hall were vases of deep red chrysanthemums and gladioli beautifully lit. Dancing took place here, and there was ample sitting out room on the first floor, from where you could watch the dancing, and later in the evening a small anteroom adjoining the ballroom had the lights dimmed and resembled a night club.

All three fathers of the débutante hostesses were there to help look after the guests. Among friends who gave dinner parties for the dance were Sir Geoffrey and the Hon. Lady Gibbs, Mrs. David Lycett Green, Mr. and Mrs. Evie Hambro, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Grimston, Brigadier and Mrs. Todhunter, Mrs. Duncan Sandys, Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Butler-Adams, Mr. K. V. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Phillpotts, Lady Napier whose husband Sir Joseph Napier was killed in Scotland, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Seymour and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Quilter.

At this exceptionally gay party it was good to see all the young girls looking so fresh and pretty again, instead of presenting the rather tired and drooping appearance they all had at the end of the season. A few of the young people I noticed dancing were Miss Sally Bealey, Miss Sarah Johnstone, Mr. Paul Channon, Miss Anne Holbech, Miss Susan Wills, Miss Edwina Sandys, Miss Julia Williamson, Miss Lily Hunter, who had still retained much of her Majorca bronze, Miss Christabel Carlisle, and Miss Elisabeth Grimston, who told me how much she had enjoyed her stay in Scotland.

Also there were Lady Frances Curzon, very pretty in white, Miss Virginia Makins, Miss Lucinda Roberts, Mr. Ian McCorquodale, just back from a most interesting trip to Italy, and Lady Davina Pepys, looking lovely in white; incidentally she did not finish in Paris at Comtesse de la Calle's finishing school (as I read in another magazine recently). Instead, she spent last term in Paris at Mme. Harel Darc's firming home. Mme. Harel Darc, a most delightful personality, only takes a very few girls for finishing. This year they included Davina's cousin, Lady Vivienne Nevill, whose eldest sister Anne was two years ago, Miss Diana Hall, whose sister Sally was also there two years ago, and Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard, who was also wrongly attributed as being at Comtesse de la Calle's.

While on the subject of dances, especially débutante dances, I appreciate that it is a good idea to get the date, place and band for your dance fixed well in advance (I already have the dates of a dozen dances fixed for next season), but it is also extremely foolish, and a great waste of time and money, for mothers of next year's débutantes to begin the very overrated and unnecessary pastime of mothers' luncheons before Christmas. I have found in the past few seasons that most of the nicest mothers have cut these out altogether, and have got along just as well, often better, than their over-anxious colleagues.

★ ★ ★

THE Hon. Juliet Weld-Forester, who is a lovely girl, made a fairy-tale bride when she married Mr. Robin Hill in the village church of All Saints, Broseley, where the Bishop of Hereford performed the service assisted by the Rev. J. M. Glover, Canon Barry and the Rev. J. A. P. Daniels. The music during the ceremony was quite celestial. Forty-two members of the Oaken Gate Youth Club Choir came over to sing during the service, the organist at which was also a former member of this youth club. The bride, who was given away by her father Lord Forester, wore a beautiful wedding dress of white satin, embroidered in diamanté (it was made by Worths who had also made her bridesmaids' dresses). Her tulle veil was held in place by a magnificent family tiara and she wore a necklace of superb single stone diamonds which had been lent her by the Marchioness of Downshire.

(Continued overleaf)



HALLOWE'EN PLANS

THE committee members of the Hallowe'en Ball at the Dorchester met at Mr. and Mrs. Lew Grade's home in Cavendish Square. Above, the Marchioness of Northampton, the ball chairman, with Mrs. Lew Grade

Miss Evelyn Heathcoat-Amory
and Miss Julia Calvert

Lady Myers was here with
Mrs. John Tudor



Miss Tessa Milne, Mr. Martin
Lewis and Mrs. Hannah Bloom

Desmond O'Neill
Mrs. Joan Love, Mrs. Stephen
Robinson and Mr. John Love



*Sir Charles Norton with Lady Norton
and M. E. Champenois*



*Lady Crosfield, Prince Michael of Greece
and Mrs. Paul Crosfield*



*M. Francis Hure, Lady Hudson and Mrs.
Leo d'Erlanger*

Her twelve bridesmaids—six children and six older bridesmaids—wore delphinium blue lace dresses with very attractive head-dresses of blue gauze leaves and pink flowers, and carried matching flowers in baskets.

The child attendants were the bride's sisters, the Hon. Fiona and the Hon. Kythe Weld-Forester, her niece Rosemary Orde-Powlett, her cousin Lady Elizabeth Maitland, Georgina Villiers and Elizabeth Holdsworth-Hunt, while the six older bridesmaids were the bridegroom's sister Miss Caroline Hill, the bride's cousin Lady Mary Maitland, Lady Malvina Murray, Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith, Miss Caroline Sale and the Hon. Susan Bridgeman.

After the ceremony guests drove up the two-mile long picturesque drive, most wonderfully maintained, with coverts, new plantations, a lake and parkland on each side, to Willey Park, a very stately mansion, where Lord and Lady Forester, the latter looking charming in deep ruby red, held the reception. The bridegroom's mother Lady Francis Hill, very attractive in dark blue with a small royal blue hat, stood with them in the drawing-room receiving the guests. Happily it was a fine sunny afternoon as the queue stretched from the portico for a long way down the drive. At one time it must have numbered over six hundred.

The wedding cake was in the baronial hall which, like all parts of Lord and Lady Forester's home, is kept in a state of perfection rarely found in ancestral homes these days. A buffet had been arranged down one side of the hall, and the many beautiful wedding presents were on view in another room.

AMONG relatives at the wedding were the Marquess and Marchioness of Downshire, Lady Kathleen Asquith, Lady Sandys, the bridegroom's elder sister the Hon. Mrs. Robert Kindersley and her husband, the bride's brother the Hon. George Weld-Forester, who was one of the ushers, her eldest sister the Hon. Mrs. Richard Orde-Powlett and her husband, Major Eddic and Lady Victoria Weld-Forester, Cmdr. and Mrs. Wolstan Weld-Forester, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weld-Forester, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Weld-Forester, and Major and Mrs. Francis Holdsworth-Hunt. Other guests included Col. Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith, Miss Anne Abel Smith showing her friends a pattern of the very pretty material she has chosen for her own bridesmaids' dresses when she marries Mr. David Liddell-Grainger in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, her future mother-in-law Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey, and Lord and Lady Bridgeman.

Also there were Brig. and the Hon. Mrs. Walter Sale, Miss May Villiers and Mrs. Schroder, who were all staying with Brig. Algernon Heber-Percy who was another guest, Viscount and Viscountess Boyne and his mother the Dowager Viscountess Boyne who had Lady Francis Hill staying with her, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Foster who had several of the ushers to stay, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gage and their younger daughter Elizabeth with her fiancé Mr. David Russell (they are getting married in December), Mr. James and Lady Flavia Anderson and their attractive daughter Rohais, Lady Holcroft and her débutante daughter Virginia, Myra Lady Fox, Mr. David Lloyd-Lowles, Mr. John Wilbraham who was best man, Miss Petronella Elliot, Mrs. Ronald Callander, Mrs. Jimmy McAlpine, Lord and Lady Carnegie, Viscount and Viscountess Stormont, the latter very attractive in blue, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Cayzer and many more that I, alas, have not space to mention.

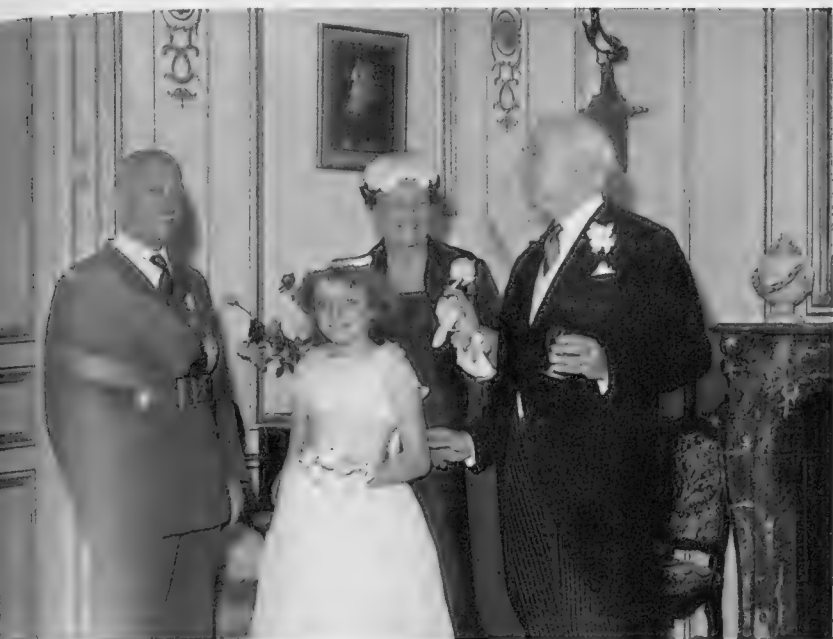
THE innovation of having a Ladies' Day during wine week in Lebègues' famous cellars, started last year, has proved a tremendous success. Women, in perhaps smaller numbers, are becoming as competent judges of wine as men. This year the tasting was taken even more seriously, I found, than at the first party last year. Also the art of tasting properly, which I at first found quite complicated, was practised with much more confidence and skill this time. At each stand there was someone to help you and answer any inquiries. There was always a big number of guests around Stand H, where one found the finest red wines of Burgundy Domain of La Romanée-Conti, bottled at the Domain, available in double magnums as well as magnums. Outstanding among these were Richebourg 1955 and Romanée-Conti of the same year. Among the white wines, I was given to taste two delicious Burgundies, Puligny-Montrachet 1955 and Bâtard-Montrachet 1953, both bottled in France.

Mr. Guy Prince received the guests, and Mrs. Prince, who wore a blu mink stole over her black suit, was walking about the candle-lit cellars greeting friends. There was a delicious cold luncheon which I had to miss, served in very picturesque surroundings at candlelit tables at the far end of the cellar among the lanes of wine casks.

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THE Church of Notre-Dame de France in Leicester Square was packed for the marriage of M. Pierre Schoendoerffer, son of the late M. Georges Schoendoerffer and Mme. Schoendoerffer, to Mlle. Patricia Chauvel, eldest daughter of the French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel. The ceremony was conducted by Father P. L. Jacquemin assisted by Father M. Bovar, Father Y. le Creurer and Father A. du Rostu. The bride was given away by her father and wore an exquisite dress of ivory coloured, frilled, Swiss embroidered organdie, made in the Empress Eugénie style of 1780 by Christian Dior. Her very full tulle veil was held in place by a coronet of mixed white flowers. She was attended by four child bridesmaids, her niece Marie-Christine Chauvel, Diane de Rudder, Nathalie Tiné and Laurence Veillet-Lavallée. They wore long white organdie dresses with pale blue taffeta sashes and circlets of white buds on their hair.

After the ceremony the French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel, who was in navy blue with touches of white, held a reception at the French Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens. The bridegroom's mother, Mme. Georges Schoendoerffer, who looked very chic in black with a hat of parma violets, stood with the bride's parents receiving the guests. After the young couple had cut their wedding cake, Gen. Pechkoff proposed their health in an amusing little speech. The bride's grandmother, the Baronne de Warzée d'Hermalle, was at the wedding, also her brothers, Jean Francois Chauvel who was best man, and Alain Chauvel, and her younger sister Beatrice who had to sit quietly as she had had an operation for appendicitis the previous week. Among the big number of friends who came to wish the bride and bridegroom every happiness were the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf, the latter very chic in a dress of bronze lamé and little gold cap, the Spanish Ambassador, the Argentine Ambassador, the Luxembourg Ambassador and Mme. Clasen, the Belgian Ambassador, their Highnesses the Moroccan Ambassador and Princess Fatima Zahara in a straight black dress with a band of white mink at the neck, the High Commissioner for India,



General Pechkoff, who proposed the toast, Mme. Chauvel, H. E. M. Jean Chauvel and Marie-Christine Chauvel

Mrs. Pandit, and the Japanese Ambassador and Mme. Nishi. Also there were Prince Michael of Greece who came with Lady Grosfield, his hostess while he is in London, Mrs. Paul Crosfield, Mary Duchess of Devonshire, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Viscountess Averley accompanied by Viscountess Monckton, Lady Dalrymple-Campneys wearing a velvet hat trimmed with a lovely paradise plume, Dowager Countess of Bessborough, Commandant and Mme. Tissart de Grelle from the Belgian Embassy, Lady Dashwood, Mrs. Jean Amery, French-born Viscountess Hudson, and M. and Mme. Nubar Gulbenkian, the latter delighted that the dress show she organized to take place in the country the following Saturday had the sale of tickets and donations already raised £500 for the Disabled Gentlefolks' Aid Association. Other guests included Sir Charles and Lady Petrie, Sir Charles and Lady Norton, Lady Meyer who is on off to rejoin her husband in Moscow where he is working in our Embassy, the Marquis and Marquise de Miramon and their attractive daughter Elaine, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Stirling, Mrs. Victor Wendish-Bentinck, Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones, and many friends from the French Embassy including the Minister Counsellor Jean de Juniac, M. Francis Huré, M. and Mme. Jacques Tiné, M. Bernard André, M. de la Bâtie and M. de Cours. The last three were among the very busy ushers in the church.

★ ★ ★

HEAR that Colin Horsley, the outstanding New Zealand pianist, and the talented young Canadian soprano Lois Marshall, who is a Hamburg winner, are to be the two soloists at the Victoria League's Gala Concert at the Festival Hall on October 22. Sir Adrian Boult will be conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who is President of the League, is promised to be present. Tickets for the concert may be obtained from the Festival Hall, or the Victoria League, 38 Chesham Place, S.W.1.

★ ★ ★

THE centre room of the Leicester Galleries was very crowded for the private view of recent paintings by Derek Hill. Many of the pictures bore the little round red label denoting sold, and while I was there several more of these were added. Some of his landscapes are enchanting, many of them painted in Ireland as the artist has been living in Donegal for the past couple of years. His three pictures of an olive pruner were clever, and I liked his fairly big painting called "Donegal Harvest" which Sir Alfred and Lady Beit had kindly lent to the exhibition.

Among those who came to see the pictures (which are on view until October 23) were Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, Lord John Hope, Lady Charlotte Bonham Carter and Admiral Henderson, who all bought pictures, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Anne Countess of Antrim, Miss Rose Macaulay, Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden, Lord Moore, Admiral Sir Charles Lamb, The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava who made a purchase, Mr. Oliver Messell, Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster, Lady Mountain and her younger son Nicholas, Professor Hugh and Lady Alexandra Trevor-Roper, and Sir Colin Anderson, another who bought a painting.



AN EMBASSY WEDDING

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, M. Jean Chauvel, and his wife gave a reception at their residence in Kensington Palace Gardens after the wedding of their daughter Patricia and M. Pierre Schoendoerffer (above) at Notre-Dame, Leicester Square

Mme. Pierre Sebillieu and Mrs. A. D. M. Rose

Countess Borromeo and the Marquise de Miramon



M. Claude Cheysson and Mme. Hagglof



Mr. P. L. Beaulieu and Mrs. Julian Amery

Desmond O'Neill

FASTEST GOODWOOD ENDED THE SEASON



Lord and Lady Chesham with their daughter, the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, were watching the racing from the private enclosure



Miss Patsy Burt, the winner of the Sports Car Handicap race in her Cooper-Climax, talking to Ron Christmas after the race



Mr. Teddy Lawry, the chief marshal, with Mr. H. J. Morgan, clerk of the course



Mr. A. G. Vandervall, the Vanwall owner, and the Duke of Richmond



Lady Selsdon and Mr. Carlo Peroni enjoying the races from the private enclosure

THE popular Goodwood circuit saw the fastest speeds ever recorded there during the meeting which wound up the major British motor racing events of the 1957 season. Among the records broken were the 500 c.c., the 1100 c.c. and the 1500 c.c. lap records, and the Woodcote Cup, won by Roy Salvadori, was Goodwood's fastest race



Graham Whitehead and Duncan Hamilton in the paddock before the Goodwood Trophy event in which these two drivers competed



Jack Brabham seated in his Cooper-Climax in which he set a class record of 96 m.p.h. in the Woodcote Cup, with Roy Salvadori, the winner of the event; the fastest race ever run on this track

Desmond O'Neill



Mr. Victor J. Kentner, Mr. D. Glover and Mrs. Stuart Sherman



Mr. Ivor Bueb getting into his Lotus-Climax for the Sports Car Handicap Race



Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Brockway were watching an event from the paddock



THE FINISH of the Thousand Miles Trial which ended on May 12, 1900, in Whitehall. The first car in the row is a 12 h.p. Panhard, driven by the Hon. C. S. Rolls who is seated at the wheel. Behind is the first Napier with its owner, Edward Kennard, while on the floor is St. John Nixon who wrote this article

THE TRIAL THAT PUT BRITISH MOTORING ON THE MAP

MR. ST. JOHN C. NIXON, the well-known writer on the early history of motoring, here tells the story of the Thousand Miles Trial which took place in the spring of 1900. A formidable test of those primitive cars

AT 7 a.m. on Monday, April 23, 1900—rather more than fifty-seven years ago—Grosvenor Gardens, Hyde Park Corner, presented a strange sight. There were but few motor cars about in those days, but on the morning in question, no fewer than sixty-five high-pitched “horseless carriages” were drawn up by the Palace wall to undertake the most strenuous trial of such vehicles ever organized in this country. Many held that the impossible was being attempted and that none would survive. It consisted of a journey to Whitehall and every competitor was due in by Saturday, May 12, approximately three weeks later.

By some it may be felt that a trip from Hyde Park Corner to Whitehall—as the crow flies, about one mile—would not overtax the capabilities of even a motor vehicle made when Queen Victoria was still alive, so let me explain that the route selected to Whitehall by The Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland (now the R.A.C.) who promoted the trial was via Bristol, Birmingham, Kendal, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Leeds, Sheffield and Nottingham, a total distance of 1,108½ miles.

The object of the trial was to submit various designs to an exacting test and to preach the gospel of automobilism in parts

where the motor vehicle was still unknown. Hundreds of thousands of people, many of whom in the country districts had never seen a motor car, turned out to witness this extraordinary procession.

I shall never forget that chilly morning when we all faced the starter with motor vehicles of various sorts lacking weather protection altogether, mudguards which consisted of bent pieces of wood, and very primitive pneumatic tyres which punctured on the slightest provocation.

I WAS far and away the youngest of the competitors in the trial. I acted as “amateur mechanic” to S. F. Edge who was an old and close friend of my family, and who had turned over to me his small fleet of motor tricycles. We were on the first Napier car ever made. It only left Napier’s small workshop in a Lambeth slum one week before the start of the trial, and Edge, Napier and I submitted the car to the most exacting tests possible to find out and rectify any defects beforehand.

The Hon. C. S. Rolls (of Rolls-Royce fame) drove his 12 h.p. Panhard, while Lord Austin (then Mr. Herbert Austin) drove

the first four-wheeled Wolseley car ever made, which he himself designed. This car can now be seen in the Montagu Motor Museum at Beaulieu.

Our speed from the starting point was strictly limited to 8 m.p.h. until just past Hammersmith, when we could increase it to 10 m.p.h., and finally to the dizzy speed of 12 m.p.h., the legal limit. At Maidenhead we had to pay 2d. per wheel toll before we could cross the bridge, and through that town our speed was limited to 6 m.p.h. and we were compelled to take not less than fourteen minutes to reach the outward control just at the top of the hill leading out of Maidenhead.

It is not possible within the limitations of a short article to give more than an indication of some of the strange happenings. One-day exhibitions were organized in Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Leeds and Sheffield. The proceeds were given to the Transvaal War Fund, for the Boer War was then at its height.

EARLY in the proceedings things began to happen. One car broke its starting handle on the starting line, and in case a "push-start" should prove ineffective, the driver kept his engine running the whole day, including the time taken for meals. A Lanchester car broke its valve gear bracket and had to be pushed several miles into Hungerford. A Simms Motor Wheel turned a couple of somersaults over the greasy tramlines in Bath and arrived in Bristol looking somewhat bent. Another car lost all its cooling water, and the driver was forced to stop up all the water pipes and refill the water jacket of the engine every mile or so. We arrived in Bristol in the last stage of exhaustion, just before midnight.

The *pièce de résistance* of the first day was the stiff climb up Park Street, Bristol, to reach the Drill Hall where the cars were to be exhibited. Under-powered and over-loaded vehicles could be seen struggling up the hill, often with perspiring passengers pushing like mad at the rear.

Shap Fell was considered such a drastic test of hill-climbing that it was made optional, so that competitors were not obliged to hold a candle to the shortcomings of their cars. The speed on these hills was not impressive. Up Taddington hill for example, $1\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. Benz averaged 5 m.p.h.

Much trouble was experienced by some of the competitors en route. An almost constant stream of spare parts had to be sent forward to keep an M.M.C. tricycle running, including an entirely new frame. At the end of the trial, it was jokingly said that the only part of the machine left that had started from Grosvenor Gardens was the switch.

The hero of the trial, however, was M. G. White who drove a two-cylinder Daimler. While going up a hill between Edinburgh and Newcastle, he handed over the steering wheel to his passenger while he ran beside the car to give his legs a stretch. The passenger promptly ditched the car which broke off a bracket supporting the steering gear. The situation looked hopeless, but White found that by standing on the off-side step, he could just touch the nave of one of the front wheels with his foot, and in this manner he steered the car some fifty-odd miles into Newcastle. On arrival, the sole of his boot was completely worn through.

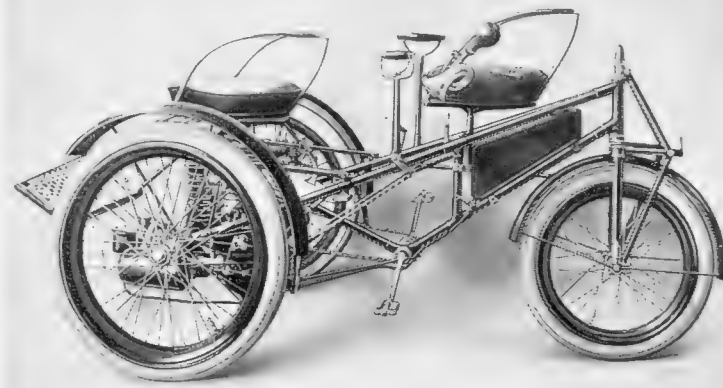
BUT of all the unrehearsed and comic incidents, nothing can equal the experience of Dudley Grierson who drove a $3\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. De Dion Voiturette. He was continually being worried by small boys throwing their caps into the road in front of him, so he decided that the next time this took place, he would pull up quickly and give the boy a good hiding. Soon another cap was thrown in his path, so Grierson "stood on everything" and the car pulled up so quickly that he was pitched out over his own vertical steering column into the road. History, unfortunately, does not relate whether the boy lent him a helping hand back into the car.

At the end of this long trial, all the cars were driven to the old Crystal Palace, and to assist Lady Curzon's Mafeking Relief Fund runs were given in the grounds on some of the faster and larger cars at 2s. 6d. a person.

And so ended a trial which first set the wheels of the British motor industry in motion. It is an open secret that the late King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, followed the fortunes of the competitors with keen interest, and it was largely due to the success many of the cars achieved that he ordered his first car—a Daimler—which was delivered to him in June, 1900.



The first Lord Austin, then Mr. Herbert Austin, at the tiller of the first four-wheeled Wolseley, which he designed and drove in this very eventful trial



That there was nothing conventional about many of the models is clear from the drawing of this Simms Motor Wheel. It turned two somersaults on the first day



None of these early cars was over-powered as this De Dion Voiturette shows, for it had only $3\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. H. W. Egerton is seen driving it near the finish



Caroline Cameron, aged fourteen, with the elder of her two brothers, Donald Angus Cameron Younger of Lochiel who was eleven in August



Fifteen-year-old Margaret Anne Cameron of Lochiel, the eldest of Lochiel and Mrs. Cameron's four children, at Clunes on the Achnacarry estate



Brodrick Haldane

Col. Cameron of Lochiel and Mrs. Cameron in the grounds of Achnacarry

A Highland chieftain's family

COL. D. H. CAMERON OF LOCHIEL, Chief of one of Scotland's most historic clans, and his family live at Achnacarry, their ancestral mansion by the River Arkaig at Lochaber, Inverness-shire. Lochiel is the eldest son of the late Col. Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel, K.T., and of Lady Hermione Cameron; Mrs. Cameron is the only daughter of Lt.-Colonel the Hon. Nigel Gathorne-Hardy



Cameron of Lochiel with Johnny, Caroline, Margaret Anne and Donald Angus, help with the harvest



Three-year-old Johnny Cameron, the youngest member of the family, plays on the estate at Lochaber



At home in an English country house in Surrey

MISS SERENA MURRAY is the daughter of Lt.-Col. Iain Murray and of Mrs. Geoffrey Davis; she is the granddaughter of Lady Elles who lives at the Patio do Pimento in Lisbon. Miss Murray has spent three years in Portugal at the Lycee Francaise in Lisbon, where she learnt to speak both Portuguese and French fluently. She was presented in April, and, like her cousin Miss Philippa Du Boulay, made her debut this Season. Miss Serena Murray lives with her mother at Old Pickhurst, Chiddingfold, in Surrey



A 1957 debutante completes her studies in America

MISS HENRIETTA TIARKS is the beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks; Mr. Tiarks is a well-known banker and is on the Dollar Export Council, and Mrs. Tiarks was formerly Miss Joan Barry, the noted actress. Miss Tiarks made her debut this season and shared a coming-out dance at Claridge's with her cousin, Miss Tania Tiarks. Her main interest is ancient history, but she is also a good linguist and has studied Spanish in Madrid. She is fond of music, particularly jazz, and of the theatre. After her summer holiday this year Miss Tiarks went to the United States where she is going to complete her studies

Priscilla in Paris

During the absence through illness of our regular contributor, this feature from the French capital is being undertaken by Oriol Malet

NIGHT-TIME VISTAS BESIDE THE SEINE

Now that the summer is nearly over, but out-of-door habits still prevail, one of the pleasantest ways of spending an evening in Paris is to take a trip down the river at night. Since the royal visit earlier this year, many more buildings have been floodlit, including the Pont Neuf and the Institut de France. The bateaux-mouches ply up and down the river all day, but it is the *coche d'eau* in which the Queen made her own trip down the Seine which makes the *grand parcours* in the evening, when dinner is served on board. The food and service are both good, and the tables, lit by lamps shaped like crimson and yellow shells, look attractive and gay. The duller part of the journey, up the river to St. Cloud, wisely takes place at the beginning of the evening, when attention is concentrated upon food; but even so, certain landmarks loom impressively against the sunset, such as a famous tower, and the Auteuil viaduct. As the brightly lit boat, like a glass cage, passes by, people living in the large new blocks of apartments along the river crowd on to their balconies to wave. By the time coffee is being served it is ten o'clock, and Paris has sprung into nocturnal radiance.

Seen from the level of the river like this, everything seems just a little strange—the Place de la Concorde with its lamps and bountains appears drenched in silver spray. The white searchlight on the roof of the boat sweeps the banks on either side as it passes, and curious things are sometimes brought to life on the *quais*. The rash person in a recent popular song who yearned to be under the bridges of Paris with somebody or other evidently forgot to take the bateaux-mouches into account. These boats are planning an extension of their services next year, so that it may then be possible to travel up the river as far as St. Germain-en-Laye.

RECENTLY paid a visit to the Club de l'Abbaye, which is situated behind the church of St. Germain-des-Pres, in the charming Place Furstemberg. This little club is a perfect place to go if you have dined early enough to wish the evening to continue, but too late for the theatre; if you are seeing *la vie en rose*, or *en noire*; if it is your first evening in Paris, or your last—fact, at any time, for its atmosphere of quiet intimacy is right for any mood, and in any company. Here, Gordon Heath and Jean Payant sing ballads and folk songs in French and English, some new and some so old that if they had not taken the trouble to search them out from forgotten manuscripts, they would have been lost for ever. Most people in Paris need no introduction to the Abbaye, for they have been filling it to the brim every evening for eight years now, such is the power of personality combined with talent; and it is wise to get there early in the evening if you wish to secure, not necessarily a seat, but merely breathing space.

THE first important new film of the season opened recently, making a welcome change to our holiday diet of old favourites and American musicals. It was *Les Oeufs de l'Autruche*, with Pierre Fresnay playing the part which he created on the stage. This is one of Roussin's wittiest comedies, and it is a pity that English audiences have only been able to see a burlesque of this fine play, which was produced as a farce in London two or three years ago. André Roussin himself takes the part of the family friend in this production, which remains essentially a play transferred to the screen. The dialogue remains stage dialogue, and where visual effects have been introduced they add nothing of importance. But if any excuse were needed, it is that one of the best comedy performances of recent years has now been placed upon record. Fresnay has the supreme ability to move us swiftly from laughter to pity, for this most intelligent of the great actors of our day never for a moment ceases to see his character as a whole, a complete human being; and he possesses



F. J. Goodman

THE MARCHESA ANDREA DORIA, a beautiful member of international society, is the daughter of the Duke and Duchess Marcello Visconti di Modroni. Her husband is a descendant of the famous Italian Admiral Andrea Doria who fought for Francois Premier and Emperor Charles V. The Andrea Dorias live in Milan

the gift of finding out in a short time more about people than they generally know about themselves. Hippolyte Barjus is a bombastic, tyrannical character who struts and bellows his way through life as an armour against inadequacy; and his ostrich-like attitude in the face of things he would prefer not to have to understand strikes an uncomfortable chord in most of us.

A weekly paper has recently announced that sixty per cent of Parisians do not go to the theatre at all, on account of the high price of seats, and the difficulties of booking in advance. While both complaints are justified, nothing much is likely to be done about the first; but the second could certainly be remedied by allowing bookings to be made over the telephone. As it is, by the time a prospective playgoer has located the theatre and found a free parking space within half a mile of it, the box office is either closed, or he is told that bookings are only being taken six, eight or even fourteen days in advance (it is useless to turn up a day too soon or too late, as I know from experience).

PEOPLE whose arithmetic is weak give up the struggle, and make for the nearest cinema. People who pass their days in boxes and kiosks always seem to be short-tempered, which perhaps is not surprising.

But despite the sixty per cent who will not be present to applaud their efforts, more and more theatres are now announcing their programmes for the coming season, and many have already reopened. Most of last season's successes are still with us, including Marcel Achard's comedy *Patate*, *La Mamma*, by André Roussin, Felicien Marceau's controversial play *L'Oeuf*, which London audiences are to see this winter, and Anouilh's *Pauvre Bitos*.

Among the importations from London, Paris playgoers will see Peter Ustinov's *Romanoff And Juliet*, and *The Diary Of Anne Frank*, which Marguerite Jamois is presenting at the Montparnasse at the end of this month, with Pascale Audret, a new young actress, in the leading rôle. Altogether, there seems to be plenty of reason to look forward without regret to the shortening days, the crisp blue dusks, the smell of roasting chestnuts at the gates of the Luxembourg Gardens, and above all, to the moment when the concierge turns on the central heating. *Vive la rentrée!*

—Oriol Malet



Mlle. Madeleine Decure, Mr. Guy Prince, the host, and Mr. Michel Gaidon, of Chateau de Pizay

Van Hallan

Roundabout

IN ARNHEM'S FIELDS

Cyril Ray

VINTAGE YEAR FOR TASTING

THREE HUNDRED guests came to the cellars of Messrs. J. L. P. Lebeque, beneath London Bridge Station, for the annual tasting of French wines, which took place by the light of thousands of candles reflected in the bottles and glasses



M. Seymour Weller of Chateau Haut-Brion, and M. Andre Simon



Mrs. James Livingstone, Mr. Harvey Prince, Mrs. Guy Prince



Viscount and Viscountess Waverley and Mr. R. G. Williams



Mme. Libersart, M. G. Libersart and Comte Hubert de Beaumont

Mrs. Whately, Mr. Randolph Whately, Mr. Bruce Gordon and Mrs. Gordon



IT had taken me thirteen years to cover those last ten miles. Thirteen years ago last month, in September, 1944, I had stood with American airborne troops in Nijmegen, watching the planes fly over that were trying to drop supplies to the men of the British First Airborne Division in Arnhem, a mere ten miles of flat and easy country to the north—but a mere ten miles that neither we nor the Second Army was able to break our way through in time—and listening to the broadcast reports of their last stand against the German armour.

But it was not until the other day, thirteen years later, that I stood at last in Arnhem itself, and saw the handsome tree-lined avenues along which the British had fought their way to the Rhine bridge, and the gardens over which the battle had raged.

You may wonder why it is trees and gardens that I mention especially. It is because I spoke in Arnhem to a Dutchman who had seen much of the battle and been of service, I think (though he was too modest to mention it) to the British troops. And what this gallant Dutchman himself recalled, thirteen years later, when he spoke of the parachutists and glider-borne soldiers of 1944 was, "They all seemed so young, and so many of them were so sensitive: in snatches of conversation in the fighting. Such a lot of them said to me how pretty our gardens were—you must understand that flowers were easier for us to get than food in those days, because we couldn't export our bulbs and seeds—and I remember one of them talking about an avenue of oaks they'd marched along into the town."

It is no bad thing for fallen soldiers to be remembered for their courage, but it seems to me an extra, excellent thing that they should be remembered, too, for having thought, in battle, of gardens and of an avenue of oak trees.

★ ★ ★

ARNHEM has been handsomely and imaginatively rebuilt, and it was in a pleasant suburban street, lined with pretty villas in their gardens, that we saw a small, flaxen-haired, very earnest Dutch girl skilfully whipping a top, and it occurred to me how long it was since I had seen a top in an English street, spinning under a child's whip.

Come to think of it, there are a lot of street games that seem simply to have disappeared. Now and again I see a skipping-rope being twirled, and now and again the paving-stones of my own street are chalked with figures and hieroglyphs, for some occult variety of hopscotch, but how long ago it seems since I last saw a hoop being bowled, cigarette cards being flipped, bent backs being jumped upon, or a simple game of marbles! (Though I cannot regret that London lads have given the go-by to the grand old game of ringing door-bells and running away.)

Forty years ago, in his book on *London Street Games*, Norman Douglas was already deploring the decline of such urban frolics, ousted by organized games like cricket—which he loathed—and by the competing demands of the then silent cinema.

How much more so now, with bigger and better open spaces and school playgrounds, and with the beckoning eye of the television set at home, is the ingenuity of the street urchin atrophied, that once was kept supple by having to contrive games where there was neither space to play in nor money for the special implements—bat and ball and racket—for the genteeler and more conventional sporting and athletic pursuits.

It was to Norman Douglas that the retailer of marbles con-

fided, in the middle of the Kaiser's war, that "shopmen don't stock marbles the way they did because they know that boys don't ask for them the way they did and boys don't ask for them the way they did because they know they couldn't get them the way they did because shopmen don't stock them the way they did." Precisely.

And what with a greater measure of municipal cleanliness as well, added to the new playing fields and the telly, the long list of street games shrinks almost to nothing. Municipal cleanliness? Of course. The best children's street games of all used to need lots of mud.

Odd that a little Dutch moppet with a whip and top should have made me turn to a half-forgotten book that I hadn't even thought of for a quarter of a century, and odder still that that in its turn should have reminded me of one of those millions of books that have been talked about and never written, and more's the pity: what fun it would have been if Norman Douglas had also assembled, as I once read somewhere that he intended to, an exhaustive encyclopaedia on *The Oaths Of Florentine Cab-Drivers*. What fun—and how instructive!

★ ★ ★

WHAT always surprised me about Norman Douglas was that he was quite as happy, or seemed to be, in the over-sophisticated, souvenir-bedizened, shopkeeper-organized, café-society Capri of the nineteen-fifties as he was in the lost, lonely, utterly quiet little island that he had first landed upon as long ago as 1888, and where he had built a villa, and planted trees, more than half a century ago.

It was Axel Munthe's *Story Of San Michele*, I suppose, far more than Douglas's own *South Wind*, that made Capri popular, and turned it into the C'pree of the music hall song and the tourist. It is the sort of fate that overtakes every resort of the kind—and especially islands—these days and, with the constantly increasing and decreasing cost of air travel, and the spread of the holidays-abroad habit, fate moves faster and farther than it ever has. I have heard sophisticated travellers complain of Marrakesh and of the Greek islands of Hydra and Mykinos that "they're spoiled now, full of trippers—nothing to what they used to be." And on my own favourite island of Elba, where there are still villages that the bus has not yet reached—villages where Elban girls walk barefoot to the well, and carry back the jars of water on their heads—an island friend has said, "I give this island five more years before it's one great holiday camp."

They will be saying the same, soon, of the Libyan *djebel* and the Turkish *riviera*, as they are already of ski-ing places in the Alps and West Indian beaches where the rich bask in the splendour of Caribbean sunshine and American dollars. I don't suppose you could recommend me a modest little kraal in the South Sea where they do a good monkey steak, or an elephant curry or some quiet Antarctic island that's not yet entirely overrun by French dressmakers, Greek shipowners, and my journalistic colleagues from the richer dailies, giving their expense accounts and asking for a raise? It's not that I grudge anyone a holiday—not even the rich—but I do wish that everybody didn't go everywhere at once, so to speak.



Mrs. Gilbert Matthews, the Hon. Lady Macnaghten
and the Countess of Midleton

Van Hallan

VICTORIA LEAGUE COMMITTEE

THE COUNTESS OF MIDLETON was at home to a Committee Meeting of the Victoria League, convened to discuss arrangements for the League's Gala Concert to be held at the Royal Festival Hall



Mrs. Geoffrey Bolster and Mrs.
S. G. Kingsley



Mr. James Macnabb and Mrs.
Elizabeth Walker

Mrs. R. E. Powell and Miss
Susan Broadbent

Lady Anne Cowdray and Col.
E. G. H. Clarke, M.C.



BRIGGS

by Graham

GALA EVENING IN THE CITY

A DANCE was given by Mrs. Richard Hanbury, Mrs. Arthur Procter and Mrs. Donald Smith for their debutante daughters, Miss Lucinda Hanbury, Miss Susan Procter and Miss Carolyn Smith, who are debutantes this year. The dance took place at the Haberdashers' Hall in the City, the first to be held there since it was opened last year



Mr. Ian McCorquodale and Miss Carol Thubron on the staircase

Mr. David Lloyd talking to Miss Julia Calvert



Mrs. Richard Hanbury, Miss Lucinda Hanbury, Mrs. Arthur Procter, Miss Susan Procter, Mrs. Donald Smith and Miss Carolyn Smith waiting to receive their guests

Miss Virginia Holcroft, Mr. Anthony Raihes and Mr. Richard Whatmore



Miss Jane Dawson sitting out with Mr. William Martineau





Miss Sarah Johnstone partnered by Mr. David Hunter



Miss Hanbury and Mr. Donald Macpherson

Miss Herapath, Mr. Julian Benson and Miss Belinda Gilmer



Some of the young guests watched the dancing from the picture hung gallery above

A.V. Swaebe

Mr. Ben Whitaker in conversation with Miss Jessica Wilson

Mr. Roger Eckersley and Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch



At the Theatre

A PRINCE IN DARKNESS

Anthony Cookman



"HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK" (Old Vic). In Michael Benthall's intelligent new production, the part of Hamlet is played by John Neville (left, below). The intrigue-riddled court, dressed in the manner of 1848, includes (at bottom) Judi Dench as Ophelia, Derek Francis as a very credible Polonius, Jack Gwillim as Claudius, and Coral Browne, realistic as Gertrude. Drawings by Glan Williams

THE Old Vic's new season opens with a triumph of production. Mr. Michael Benthall shows that *Hamlet* may be presented without the Prince of Denmark and yet appear the most exciting play in the world. It comes to that in effect; for if the Prince really is among those present on this occasion it is not easy to spot him.

It is true, of course, that whatever we may expect of a stage Hamlet we are never surprised to be given something different. He may be sane and courtly or as mad as a hatter; he may be a middle-aged romantic or an angry young man. He may be almost anything that an actor can imagine or a producer suggest so far as temperament goes. We shall still know him for Hamlet by the movement of his mind, by his habit of picking himself and everybody else to pieces and dwelling with avid curiosity on every piece. But this quality of mind vanishes with all its subtleties if the words themselves do not come over a-tingle with life. It is Mr. John Neville's continuous straining after vocal climaxes that he too often fails to reach that imposes a desolatingly mechanical effect on his whole performance. The lifelessness of his speaking explains, I think, why he seems only the pale counterfeit of the Hamlet we recognize instantly in many widely different readings.

BUT the play, as Mr. Benthall shows convincingly, can get along splendidly even with this unsubtle playing of the leading character. After all, there are ghosts walking, Court entertainments, assassinations, insurrections, suicides, funeral pageants, fights, alarms and excursions—watertight compartments, so to speak, so buoyant with dramatic energy that even if some fail the play will still keep afloat. The producer organizes things so skilfully that very little in this bustling, rapid, vivid action ever looks like failing. His object is to drive the story along with all possible urgency. To this end he makes judicious use of an old version to re-arrange the narrative sign posts. By throwing the "To be or not to be" soliloquy, together with the ensuing nunnery scene, back from the third act to the second, he leads logically up to the point where the action switches from inertia to action. Hamlet suffers successive betrayals in love and friendship before working out his conscience-catching stratagem and getting seriously down to the business of revenge. Whatever there is to be said against this re-arrangement of scenes, there can be no doubt that it fits in very well with this particular production.

The costumes are admirably designed by Miss Audrey Cruddas to suggest an intrigue-ridden European court in, say, the revolutionary year of 1848. Hamlet is elegant in a thick frogged jacket; Claudius commanding in scarlet; Gertrude maternally voluptuous in softly flowing old gold; and the general effect has dignity and romantic charm, especially in the sort of cocktail party which precedes the mimic play and at which, under cover of the chatter and glass clinking, Claudius arranges with Polonius the plan to send Hamlet abroad. The decorativeness of these brilliant uniforms gains rather than loses by being set against a darkly indeterminate background of pillars and curtains.

NOBODY in this well organized and ill spoken production is better heard than Miss Coral Browne. Whenever she speaks for Gertrude the action seems to pass temporarily into another dimension of reality, we pass suddenly from the outside to the inside of the play. To a lesser degree the Polonius of Mr. Derek Francis creates the same impression. But the story is driven along, and driven along very excitingly, mainly by Mr. Jack Gwillim—a Claudius conceived properly on the right side of late middle age—by Mr. Daniel Thorndike—a peremptory and humanly outraged ghost—and by Mr. David Dodimead, Mr. John Humphry, Mr. David Walker and other members of the company who respond admirably to their producer's intentions. Miss Judi Dench, in her *début* on the Shakespearian stage, makes a fair shot at Ophelia.

At the Pictures

A MARGINAL EPIC

IF I, who have time and again declared myself weary of war films, now most warmly recommend to you *The Bridge On The River Kwai*, this is because, in addition to being a magnificent tribute to the indomitable spirit of the British soldier, it is ultimately less concerned with the waging of war than with its incidental tragedies and futilities.

Like the ironically titled *All Quiet On The Western Front*, it takes one isolated situation in the great overall conflict, shows brave men suffering and dying to win a battle that scarcely seems to contribute anything to the final victory, and leaves one, torn between pride and grief, praying that the future will not demand from the flower of manhood such sacrifices as the past has done. It is an immensely exciting and profoundly moving film and has been superbly directed by Mr. David Lean.

The scene is a prisoner of war camp in Siam in 1943. Led by their dry, precise commanding officer, Col. Nicholson (Mr. Alec Guinness), a new batch of British prisoners sweeps in: they are in tatters but they march erect in their battered boots and they whistle "Colonel Bogey" as they come.

THEY are received by the Japanese camp Commandant, Saito, (Mr. Sessue Hayakawa), whose orders are that they are to build a bridge, a link in the notorious "death railway," across the River Kwai. As it is vitally important that the bridge shall be finished in three months, the officers, he decrees, will work with the men. This Col. Nicholson, citing the Geneva Convention, refuses to allow.

His officers, upholding his ruling, are confined in the detention cells while he, after a severe beating, is thrown into a corrugated-iron hut known as The Oven. His men, put to work under Japanese guards, display a genius for "going slow" and committing sly acts of sabotage. As it is obvious that the bridge will never be completed in time on these lines, Saito is forced to give to Nicholson.

Now Nicholson decides to build Saito a really splendid bridge. The medical officer, Major Clipton, is disturbed: can this not be construed as aiding the enemy, as treason? No, replies the Colonel: it will restore discipline among the men, improve their conditions, and prove the vast superiority of the British over the Japanese. The work is begun and progresses apace.

Meantime, an American P.O.W., Cdr. Shears (Mr. William Holden), who has escaped from the camp, arrives in Ceylon—only to be roped in by a British commando, Major Warden (Mr. Jack Hawkins), on a raid which he and a young Canadian lieutenant (Mr. Geoffrey Horne) are to make upon the bridge. Dropped by parachute in the Siamese jungle, led by a Siamese peasant and accompanied by docile women bearers, the three men reach the river just as the bridge has been completed: they plan to blow it up as the first train crosses it.

In the night, while a camp concert is in full swing and Saito, a man of honour who has lost face, makes his preparations for death by his own hand, explosive charges, to be electrically detonated, are attached to the bridge below water level. By morning the river has subsided and Nicholson detects the charges. Furious that his beautiful creation is to be demolished, he rushes to the river's edge to intervene. In the action Major Warden sees himself compelled to take, Nicholson, Shears and the young lieutenant are needlessly killed—but the objective is secured: the bridge is duly destroyed as the first train crosses. It is left to Major Clipton to make the final comment: "Madness, madness," he says, without bitterness but in sorrow.

The dialogue is some of the best I have ever heard, the acting some of the finest I have ever seen, and Mr. Lean's adroit use of cross cutting in the final sequences makes for a pitch of tension rarely achieved since the days of D. W. Griffith, who invented the technique. This is a truly heroic film which everybody should see.

Miss Yvonne Mitchell gives an exquisitely poignant performance in Mr. J. Lee Thompson's prize-winning domestic drama, *Woman In A Dressing Gown*, as a good-hearted, slatternly housewife whose husband (Mr. Anthony Quayle), worn out by



YVONNE MITCHELL as the slatternly wife in *Woman In A Dressing Gown* whose husband (Anthony Quayle) has an affair with the girl at the office. When the climax—the possibility of a divorce—is reached, the husband, at the call of duty, returns to the wife

twenty years of married life in a flat strewn with unironed shirts and unwashed dishes with the radio permanently blaring away at full blast, drifts into a love affair with the trim, pretty girl at his office (Miss Sylvia Syms).

The discovery that he wants a divorce comes as a terrible shock to her and to their young son, admirably played by Mr. Andrew Ray. One cannot help pitying the woman, but I must say I pity even more the man—who finds at last, poor devil, that he cannot just pack twenty years of his life into a suitcase and walk off.

MR. JACK LEE's briskly directed, Western-style drama, *Robbery Under Arms*, is set in the Australia of a century ago. It has Mr. Peter Finch as a cool, callous cattle-thief who leads into a life of crime the two decent sons of his elderly, astonishingly agile, ex-jailbird partner, Mr. Laurence Naismith. Though I would have preferred to see more of Mr. Finch, I have to admit that Messrs. David McCallum and Ronald Lewis are excellent as the luckless brothers. About Miss Maureen Swanson, essaying the rôle of the passionate virago who betrays them to "the troopers," there is something strikingly suburban—which is not, I feel, quite as it should be. On the whole, though, this is a good, tough, masculine film—and the grand spaciousness of the setting has been intelligently and effectively used.

A disappointment is *Tea And Sympathy* since it cravenly refuses to face the real problem of the banned play on which it is based. In the play, a schoolboy is denounced as a homosexual because he has been seen bathing in the nude with the sports master. In the film the boy (Mr. John Kerr) is merely dubbed "Sister Boy" by his oafish fellows because he enjoys music, literature and the sympathetic company of his housemaster's wife—beautifully played by Miss Deborah Kerr. There is no reason for her to commit adultery with him to prove him normal: by all reasonable standards he is perfectly normal, anyway.

—Elsbeth Grant



This Bristol 406 has the four-seat, two-door saloon designed by Gebr. Beutler of Switzerland. The model, now being produced for export only, has the new Bristol 2.2 litre engine

THE YEAR OF THE QUALITY MIDDLEWEIGHTS

OLIVER STEWART examines the trend of the Motor Show at Earls Court, and concludes that it points to a year of consolidation and refinement rather than of bustling reform

INNATE conservatism, so they say, prevents the British motorist from taking an interest in technical novelties, and in the kinds of car that seek to offer all the advantages that the latest engineering achievements make possible. At any rate, this year's motor show affirms the principle of the middle path. It is the year of the well-tryed, medium size, medium weight, medium power, medium price vehicle.

There are those who abuse the British manufacturer on the ground that he is unenterprising. But if enterprise (here meaning innovation) is steadfastly rejected by the motor car user, there is no point in offering it. It may well be—it is a revolutionary, almost anarchistic thought—that the British public wants the ordinary type of motor car!

Whatever the basic reasons for the lack of adventurousness in British car design, it must be admitted that the exhibits at Earls Court this year are far from sensational. There is nothing about them that excites the publicist to reach for his headlines about the "car of the future." They are all of them essentially cars of the present.

That does not mean, however, that elegance is outlawed. On the contrary, there are many British sports cars which, although conventional on the technical side, are without peer on the appearance side. They look good.

HERE I am forced to follow the pattern of my reports over the years; because the Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars attain a peak of excellence in the combination of performance and elegance and demand first mention. They look right; they give comfortable accommodation and they perform well on the open road. And now the company has recognized the demand for a car that can be both chauffeur-driven and owner-driven, by introducing a model with a longer wheelbase and a lowerable (if that is the word) division between the rear and the driving compartments.

This car has a wheelbase four inches longer than that of the other Silver Cloud models. It has all the other features, by now fairly widely known, including automatic transmission and the optional power-assisted steering.

Daimler are continuing the "One-O-Four" Saloon, on which I have reported in detail in these columns. The point that is being emphasized this year is the good quality of the interior appoint-



The Bentley Continental Sports saloon is fitted with a six-cylinder, 4,887 c.c. engine with automatic transmission. It has power-assisted steering which is an optional extra

Rolls-Royce with their dual purpose Silver Cloud models with adjustable partitions are catering for the executive who likes to drive himself but has to be chauffeur-driven for his work



ments which include leather upholstery. Besides this car there are the Conquest models and—at the other end of the scale—the big limousines with the 4½ litre engines.

If I now make a leap from the large and luxurious to the relatively small and smart, I would like to refer to the M.G.A. with its 1500 cubic centimetre engine. The M.G.A. remains unchanged for the coming year and expresses in vivid form the fast and handy vehicle of relatively small size and relatively low first cost and running costs.

Where those mysterious people who determine the “styling” of new cars are to be found is always a mystery. Often they make what seem to me to be hideous mistakes. Often they are purely imitative and trail behind the Americans. But sometimes they achieve their own triumphs and make their own individual marks. They have done so in the M.G.A. cars. They have taken from racing the basic lines that matter and they have mingled them with the lines that are practical for everyday motoring.

IN my technical notes I have mentioned the new Renault “Transfluid” drive; here I should refer to the Dauphine Gordini. My earlier comments on the standard Dauphine remain good. I find it a thoroughly sound and satisfactory vehicle, ideally suited to traffic work, shopping, theatregoing and calling, and not at all bad on the open road. It is a car with a pronounced character of its own, and, consequently, attempts to confer higher performance upon it are suspect.

So many good cars are spoilt, or at any rate made less attractive, when performance development is pressed too hard. With road-holding and other qualities fitted to a certain speed range, changes in that speed range are apt to discover troubles in the rest of the car. But I suppose that Renault have satisfied themselves that the Dauphine Gordini is as well integrated as the standard Dauphine and that the increased top speed—nearly eighty miles an hour—is accompanied by matched road-holding and steering.

On this I cannot speak confidently until I have tried the car and is I shall do some time after the Show. Meanwhile the Dauphine Gordini specification gives an indication of its capabilities. First there is a four-speed gear-box in place of the standard

[Continued overleaf

With its remarkable powers of acceleration the Wolseley 800, four-door, 1½ litre saloon is proving extremely popular. It is economical, yet is capable of 80 m.p.h.



The Daimler 3½ litre, One-O-Four saloon is obtainable with either automatic or fluid transmission. It has a speed of 100 m.p.h., is well appointed and leather upholstered



Elegantly streamlined, the M.G.A. can now be bought with a fixed hard-top. This domed steel roof is welded to the body and has a wrap-around rear light and wind-down windows





The Morris Minor 1,000 has a B.M.C. 950 c.c. engine, and it now has 37 b.h.p. There is a new central gear lever and a wider rear screen, which is in line with present design trends



The Ford Consul is a well-liked car. It can be had in the standard and de luxe versions. The de luxe has two-tone finish, pile carpets, screen washer, vanity mirror and coat hooks

Austin A.95 Countryman has an exceptional amount of luggage space, even when six people are in the car. The rear seats can fold forward to give 62 cu. ft. of storage, or they can be arranged as a bed



three-speed box and then the engine has been modified to give 58 brake horsepower at 5,000 rev./min. The company promises production at the rate of ten a day this month rising to thirty a day in March 1958.

Nuffield policy has been clearly stated: the group will not introduce new models to a date—that is, to coincide with the Earls Court show or any other show. In addition to the M.G.A. which I have discussed already, the Nuffield Organization is responsible for the marvellous Morris Minor 1,000, the important Wolseley “middleweight”; that is, the 1,500, the Magnette and the Riley. The Wolseley 1,500 is a four-door saloon with a top speed in the region of 80 miles an hour.

IN order to get that kind of performance the car must be kept down in size (and weight) and the Wolseley body is not large. But it is well laid out and the exterior look is good. This is that car's first motor show appearance at Earls Court. By the way, the extra cost for having the Manumatic transmission on the already well known “Fifteen-Fifty” is £50.

Now for the Rover cars. In Paris the Rover distributors showed for the first time in the Salon the new high performance Rover “105 S” six cylinder saloon and the “105 R” in which the Rover fully automatic transmission is fitted. This maker has his band of fervent enthusiasts, “Rover-owners” who would not think of changing to any other make, and that in itself is a tribute not only to the sound engineering of the car, but also to the effectiveness of the service. Nothing so rapidly destroys faith in a manufacturer as serious deficiencies in service.

TECHNICAL HIGHLIGHTS

LET me first cast a quick glance at transmission developments. In several, the Manumatic, for instance, the gear changing is still done by hand; but the adjustment of engine speed to road speed and the operation of the clutch are automatic. As the hand falls on the gear lever an electrical contact is made which starts the gear changing cycle. But we now have variants on this theme such as are to be found in the Mercédès cars and in the Renault.

Manumatic control is to be found in the Morris Oxford Series III, the Austin A55 Cambridge, the M.G. Magnette, the Wolseley 15/50 and the Jubilee Hillman Minx, but stand number 370 is the place where its details may conveniently be studied. The new Renault transmission differs from the Manumatic in

The Jaguar XK 150 drophead coupe has the advantages of both open and closed bodywork. The hood is padded and lined, thus hiding the operating mechanism. The car holds two adults, with room for a third, or two children



(Below), British motor-ing at its most distin-guished: the Lagonda 3-litre Tickford saloon. Fitted out immaculately, it has radio, make-up mirror, cigarette case and lighter, and heater, together with a very spacious luggage boot

that it has a fluid coupling, and in use the hand lever is employed to set what might be called a gear *range*. Within this range the transmission is fully automatic, and the range can be changed at any time—for instance when hill climbing—by a simple movement of the lever.

The point of these partially automatic transmission systems is partly concerned with driving performance and partly with cost. A fully automatic transmission is liable to be somewhat costly not only to buy but also to operate. It demands power, and power is expensive. That is why "two-pedal" motoring in the smaller and medium size cars can be introduced only in the form of a semi-automatic device.

DISK brakes are also costly. Four years ago they were impossibly costly except for racing cars. Today they are making their way into the middle price ranges. I doubt if any competent motor engineer would question the statement that, given equal manufacturing quality, disk brakes are a good deal "better" than other kinds. But they must be fully developed. The fully developed, tried and tested drum brake is better than the experimental disk installation. As I have already reported, a number of British car firms are pioneering disk brakes for the ordinary motorist. They include Jaguar and Aston Martin.

British manufacturers deserve much praise for the way they have pressed forward with the fitting of disk brakes and, in the Paris Salon, it was evident that in this feature they are ahead of all other manufacturers in the world.

THE other technical item of increasing interest is power steering. Most modern cars use hydraulic power in one way or another; and when hydraulic power is available it is right to use it for reducing in every way the physical effort demanded of the driver. It is chiefly when manoeuvring at low speeds that power steering becomes so pleasant and so valuable. But a friend who owns an Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire with controllable power steering tells me that he keeps the steering at full power all the time and that, when once one is used to it, one never wishes to return to manual steering.

The objection once raised to power steering, that it eliminated "feel" and so prevented the driver from recognizing through the behaviour of the wheel when the tyre adhesion was low because of grease or ice on the road is no longer seriously made. The latest forms of power steering give a residue of manual effort which is enough to give the skilled driver his direct reference to road conditions.



The Alvis Graber 3-litre sports saloon (below) combines British engineering skill and Swiss bodybuilding talents. This big saloon can reach 100 m.p.h. on the few stretches of road suitable for high speed to be found in this country



Book Reviews

A LIFELONG ATTACHMENT

ONE hears of lifelong attachments. Those who doubt they exist should read **George Moore: Letters 1895-1933 To Lady Cunard** (Hart-Davis, 27s. 6d.). A lifelong attachment, one is reminded, need not be in years as long as a life: simply, once it takes over it seems longer. George Moore was forty-two when, in 1894, he first met Maud Burke at a Savoy lunch party. The twenty-two year old American girl glowed, that day, in a rose-and-grey shot-silk dress which was ever after to haunt his memory. The odd-looking Frenchified little Irishman, summoned across the restaurant to her table, was already spotlighted as a celebrity: his novel *Esther Waters* was sweeping London. His amorous reputation was considerable—though, some enemies said, ill-founded.

The first of the letters in this volume is addressed by the author to his adored one a month after her marriage to Sir Bache Cunard, which took place in spring 1895. By this time, whatever there was of passion had run its course, on her side if not on Moore's. That one golden year that began with the Savoy meeting remains mysterious; fragments of it were to glitter through Moore's writings—in which, as the editor points out, fact and fiction are dementingly mingled. It seems likely that, as was averred, he and she did agree not to marry, on the grounds that that would be death to romance, and that it was with his consent, if not approval, that Maud accepted Sir Bache. Accordingly this first letter, written from Paris, marks the opening of a more wary phase. He is sending her a present of scented flannel.

For an otherwise selfish man—as he was, surely?—George Moore rose to heights of altruism. He was called on to play the most difficult role there is. Yet, did what might have seemed sheer frustration suit, in some way, his peculiar temperament?

WRITING, in 1905, from Castlebar, Co. Mayo: "No one," he remarks, "will ever write to you from the Imperial Hotel, Castlebar, but I"—he tells Lady Cunard:

Other women have wished to be kind to me, but I did not want their kindness and wished to escape from it, but your kindness delights me—it does more than delight me, it fills me with wonder and with a double wonder. I wonder what god selected me for happiness and why he selected me. For I am the most fortunate of men; surely the most fortunate man in the world is he who meets a woman who enchants him as a work of art enchants.

And, a year later:

No man has absorbed you as you have absorbed me and I am sorry, for it must be lonely to sit in the dark and see no star ahead of you. . . . You are a hard woman in many ways, but if you were less hard I don't think you would have held me captive such a long time; I do not complain of my captivity—good heavens no; it is the only allegiance I acknowledge, and a man without an allegiance is like a ball of thistle-down.

Well for him that he felt thus—well, one would say today, that his defence mechanism was so unflinching! Year in, year out George Moore was numbered among the guests at the Cunards' Leicestershire country house, Nevill Holt. (For the child's eye view of this period, see *G.M.*, the memoirs of Nancy, the Cunard daughter.) "True it is," he writes in 1908, "that we all seek happiness, and if in my case it is in any way peculiar it is because I appreciate the beauty of the sunny hour when one forgets oneself, and you and Nancy make me forget everything else. So my visit to Holt was a complete success from my point of view; the only speck upon my happiness was that perhaps you did not enjoy me as much as I enjoyed you. You lack one thing—memory; and it is memory that gives life its fragrance."

TIM SLESSOR is the author of "First Overland" which tells the story of the Oxford and Cambridge Far Eastern Expedition, which was the first ever to drive overland from London to Singapore (Harrap, 21s.)



SUSAN, LADY TWEEDSMUIR is seen at her home, Hill House, Burford. She has just published a new novel, "Cousin Harriet," describing Victorian country house life (Duckworth, 12s. 6d.)



F. J. Goodman

Two factors worked to extrude George Moore, more and more, to the fringes of Lady Cunard's existence. Married, twice over wealthy, she at once discovered within herself the seeds of her ultimate genius: hostess-ship. Surrounded, from then on, by a brilliant throng, she became with regard to poor Moore somewhat *détraquée*.

ALSO, in 1911—the year in which she separated from her husband, left Nevill Holt and set up a splendid house of her own in London—another and major artist entered her life and gained an unbreakable hold on her affections. To this character, Moore seldom refers by name. In 1921, after what must have been a decade of exasperation, we find him writing: "My visits to you are not real visits, but a vain simulacrum of your visits here ages ago. It must be a year since you crossed my threshold. Of course, I know by this time that it is no part of your pleasure to see me hanging on your words; your instinct was to love, not to inspire love; to be loved bored you, and when the inevitable happened you passed on to another chapel to enter a new set of devotions."

In the darkening last years, when Moore, worn out by exacting and ceaseless authorship, living like a hermit in lonely fame, became ever iller, and Lady Cunard, hostess, patron of arts, continued to burn with a gemlike flame, the letters breathe out a sadness all but unbearable. Her without-warning change of her Christian name from Maud to Emerald caused a misunderstanding which threw him into a frenzy. George Moore did not consider himself a good letter writer, and some of the lengthier passages here do drag. It says much for him that, behind the captive man, we feel the fierce independence and untouchable dignity of the master artist. *George Moore: Letters To Lady Cunard* is great reading for more reasons than one.

★ ★ ★

PATRICK ANDERSON's *Search Me* (Chatto & Windus, 15s.) is a section of autobiography blent (I infer) with fiction—thus, a successor to *Snake Wine*. The poet-author, forging out an existence, battering his identity against circumstance, forges out also exciting prose. He has the advantage of being both tough and subtle, and his equanimity keeps him clear of the camps of either the super-sensitive or the angry. Unlike most books about oneself, this has no nonsense in it—though some rhetoric.

Also, in spite of interims for reflection, Mr. Anderson's story keeps steadily on the move. But for the Soho opening—"All one summer, in the house opposite, a woman was going mad"—there is wonderfully little dependence on violent statement. The main scenes are the Black Country, Canada and Spain. The comic spirit dominates several interludes, particularly those in the Great Rampage (crank) Education Centre, and the teachers' training college outside Birmingham—moreover, there is inherent comedy in this natural rover's efforts to settle down. Montreal, its eager intelligentia and a broken-off marriage are behind him: we bid him farewell (only, I hope, temporarily) in Granada, plunged in further crisis—not, this time, his own. About landscape, Mr. Anderson writes with an imaginative splendour; he inclines to make people not more than two-dimensional. *Search Me* may not be everybody's book; if it is yours it will affect you strongly. Your reviewer was more impressed by it than a review can show.

—Elizabeth Bowen



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
Oct. 16,
1957
151*

Mr. David McCall with Mrs. R. Hoare



THE NEWMARKET SALES

THE October Yearlings Sales at Newmarket had an exceptionally large attendance this year, and the bidding was considerably heavier than in 1956. The yearlings (above) are seen parading in the paddock before prospective buyers



Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham and her mother, Mrs. Jean Garland

The Duchess of Norfolk talking to Major E. P. Barker



The Duke of Devonshire together with Mr. Tom Egerton



Mr. Clive Graham with Mr. and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn

Mrs. H. Renshaw, the owner, with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Butt

Mr. Walter Nightingall, Mr. Norm Scobie and Mrs. Nightingall



Driving down to the country



Willow calf and sheepskin high-leg boot rubber sole, zip fastening, £8 8s. ; fine suede and sheepskin ankle boot, laced, leather sole black or brown, £4 13s. 9d. ; sheepskin lined leather ankle boot, laced, rubber soled black, honey or red, £3 15s. 9d. by Morland

Above: Silk-lined gloves with crochet backs and lambskin palms, £1 19s. 11d., 100 per cent mohair stole, obtainable in various shades, £3 5s. ; travel bag in the new spongeable Vaumolezza leather, fitted zip and long pocket, in black, brown or tamarack, £10 10s., Debenhams and Freebody

This Thirkell silk twill square, hand printed with a design of two horses, is ideal for protecting hair and neck from stiff breezes at such horsey events as point-to-points or hunter trials. The scarf costs £2 13s. 9d. and comes from most leading stores



*V*ISITING the country, whether for a weekend or for a month, calls for warm, strong accessories to complete an outfit for a point-to-point, meet, or a walk across wintry fields with the guns
—JEAN CLELAND

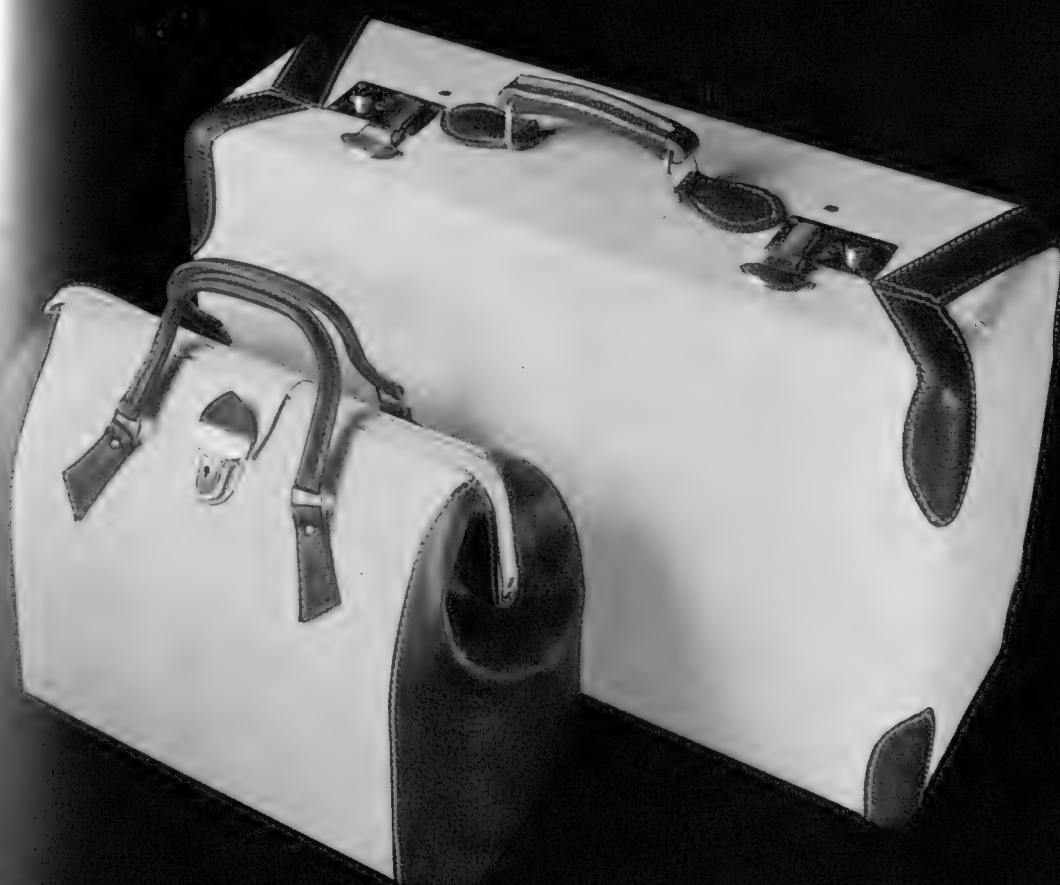


This Thirkell stole in a leopard design lined with plain velvet, and costs approximately £7 8s. at leading stores



Dennis Smith

Above: Warm Kynoch travelling rug in finest quality lambswool, approximately £7 7s., at Moss Bros. Dual purpose bag in tan coach hide, silk lined, with inner zip pocket, outside zip pocket has strap and catch fastening for smaller size and alternative catches for full size, £22, Debenham and Freebody



Luggage in white washable Vynide with diamond pattern, trimmed in leather, in green, blue, tan or wine, 20-in. suitcase, £9 17s. 6d. (also in larger sizes), train bag, £6 12s. 6d. Obtainable from Debenham and Freebody

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

GOING PLACES

FROM Hardy Amies' Ready to Wear collection comes this versatile suit in nut brown wool. The skirt is slender, and the loose jacket fits closely to the hips; a silver lamé blouse is worn beneath. The wide standaway collar and cuffs are of warm brown nutria. The wide standaway collar and cuffs are of warm brown nutria. This suit costs approx. 66½ gns. at Marshall and Snelgrove, W.1; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh





Michel Molinare

ELEGANT TRAVEL

DEEP green and red boucle tweed goes to make this practical and chic dress and jacket by Matita. The slender sheath dress has a softly bloused bodice with a self-belt slotted at the waist. The jacket is cut short and loose, has vertical side pockets and wide three-quarter length sleeves. The price is 33½ gns. at Rocha of Grafton Street. Hat by Norman Edwin



Michel Molinaré

WARM in colour and fabric, this fitted suit in red and white plaid wool is by Wetherall. The long line jacket has low placed flap pockets and cuffed sleeves; the skirt is straight and narrow with a pleat at the back, £31 10s. Matching hat, 3 gns., cashmere jersey, 5 gns., red cashmere coat, £55 2s. 6d. Sports car is a Mercedes-Benz 190 S.L.

WINTER JOURNEY

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

THE jacket of the suit opposite is seen below without its detachable collar, and teamed with a box pleated skirt in the same red and white wool plaid; 30 gns. The matching overcoat, cut loose and straight, has a very useful four-way belt; the price is 30 gns. at Wetheralls. The car is a Hillman estate wagon





SUEDE as a fabric has come into its own again for the first time since the twenties and thirties. It has the virtues of warmth, hard wear and soft manageability, ideal for outdoor sports and open air driving. From Lillywhites is this tailored tan suede jacket (above), price 20 gns., which is worn with a matching cap edged with ribbing, 4 gns.

SEPARATES AND SPORTS CARS



PARTNERS that combine warmth with sophistication (right). From Simpsons comes this chunky heavy-knit sweater of white wool. It is worn over Daks' slinky trousers, smartly striped in dark charcoal grey and white. The sweater costs 10 gns. and the slinkies £6; both are obtainable from Simpsons. The dashing sports car is a bright red M.G.A. coupe



Michel Molinaré

ALL set for a drive into the country (above). The Daks' slinkies are here teamed with a fashionable jacket of rose-pink suede. It is outlined in stitching and has knitted inset collar and buttoned cuffs. The price is £39 10s. Obtainable at Simpsons, of Piccadilly



THIS BULKY top coat by Hershelle in pale biscuit-coloured wool and mohair, has a low placed waist-line accentuated by large flap pockets. Price approx., 19 gns., at Dickins & Jones; Whitneys of Glasgow. The car is Rootes latest Hillman estate car in bright red and white with fawn upholstery, £938 17s. with tax



A SWAGGER style coat in soft winter white lambswool by Crayson (above). It has deep folds each side of the high-buttoning front and a wide collar of ocelot. It costs approximately 22 gns. and is obtainable at Jays, Oxford Street, and Diana Warren, Blackpool. The car is a bright red M.G.A. coupe



A PRINCESS line coat with a full skirt and half belt tying at the front (right) is worn over a lilac and white check dress with a high straight neckline, short sleeves and band beneath the bust. The coat costs 14½ gns.; dress 8½ gns., by Polly Peck at Fifth Avenue, Regent Street; Chanelle, Bournemouth



Michel Molinare

CO-ORDINATING classics from Jaeger. A double-breasted man-styled overcoat of camel wool is sumptuously lined in blond musquash, price 100 gns. With it goes a matching skirt cut straight and narrow, £3 19s. 6d., and a natural lambswool cardigan, 4 gns. All are obtainable from Jaeger, Regent Street, W.1

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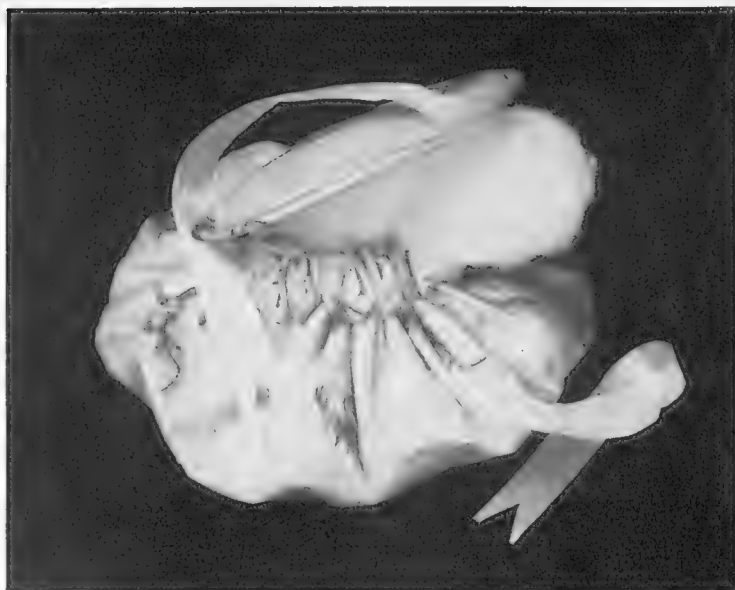
2 WELBECK STREET, W.1



Russian broadtail cuffed with white mink

Beauty

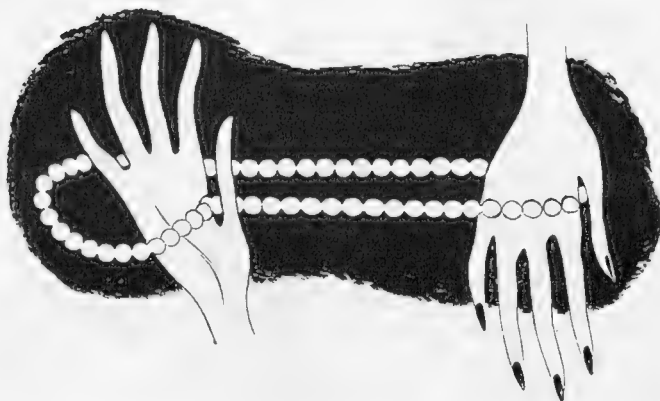
Finishing school



This charming pink quilted plastic cotton wool container has a "Blue Grass" design. It is priced at £1 1s. and comes from Elizabeth Arden, Bond St.



These tissue holders, in pink quilted plastic for travelling, are also from Elizabeth Arden. They cost £1 5s. each and match the container above



ASKED what impressed her most at the Motor Show, an American visitor to this country said, "The finish." It took me a second or two to take in that she meant the finish on the cars. "I know nothing of engines," she went on, "my husband takes care of them. I just fall for the way a car *looks*; the colour, the line, and above all, the *finish*. I think that is extremely important."

Yes, I thought, important to much else besides cars. To the look of a dress, a coat, a shoe, to a woman's appearance.

"Why is it," I asked a famous beauty expert, "that some women have a lovely air of finish, and others lack it altogether?" "Simply," she replied, "because some take trouble, and others cannot be bothered."

That seems to be the answer, and yet the trouble involved does not amount to very much.

For interest, I asked a group of different hair and beauty specialists what they considered most important to finish, and what a woman could do to achieve it. Each, very naturally, concentrated on the feature in which they were especially interested, and the result is as follows:

HAIR. A sleek head is essential to finish. It should be well shaped so that the hair falls smoothly into place with no untidy ends to spoil the effect. It should also have sheen, with an attractive rinse to highlight the colouring. A little hair conditioner combed or brushed into the hair between shampoos helps to keep the shape, and put any straggly wisps in their place. It also adds a healthy gloss. Don't use too much, as this only defeats its own purpose. Choose a rinse to enhance the natural colouring and to give an even all-over shade to the whole head. . . . There are all sorts of lovely new ones, in subtle colours, and if you want a little extra accent, you can get special preparations to be sprayed on at home.

EYEBROWS. These should look like dark wings, and this can only be achieved by plucking out any stray hairs, and shaping the brows to a clear arch. Don't make the line too thin, as this only looks artificial. When the plucking is finished, take a clean eyebrow brush and run it over a spot of oil smeared into the palm of the hand. Brush the hairs very lightly the *wrong* way (that is from the outside towards the bridge of the nose), and then smooth them back the right way (out towards the temples). Finish by darkening them with an eyebrow pencil, used in the same directions as the brush (first in and then out).

THE COMPLEXION. To avoid roughness and achieve a soft, smooth skin, massage regularly with a good skin food. The texture of the skin can be refined by using a face mask about once a week, or twice if the pores are at all inclined to be open. Should the complexion tend to be sallow, the colour can be improved by choosing a mask with bleaching properties, and by using a bleaching cream at night occasionally instead of a skin food.

MAKE-UP. A good foundation is immensely important to fine finish, and it is well worth while to take a little trouble in finding one to suit your individual skin. As a general rule, a cream one is best for a dry skin, and a liquid or semi-liquid for one that is oily. Most foundations go more smoothly on to a skin that is slightly damp. The secret of a good surface is to blend the cream or liquid—whichever you are using—in with the tips of the fingers, until it is evenly distributed.

When this has been done, put a fairly lavish supply of powder on to a large pad of cotton wool and press it into the skin. Don't wipe, just press and press until the whole face, forehead and neck are covered, then dust off the surplus with another pad of cotton wool.

HANDS. Nothing detracts more from the look of finish more than rough skin or a nail that has broken or split. Chipped varnish, too, spoils the general effect. Regular use of a hand lotion after washing will keep the skin smooth and free from chapping in the cold weather. Nails that are brittle and inclined to break can be strengthened by regular soaking in warm oil, and by nightly use of one of the special nail-growing preparations. If the nail should break, it can be made to look as good as new by use of a nail repair outfit. Varnish can be saved from chipping to a very large degree by an application of "Supersealer" made by Revlon. This protects the varnish, and is very helpful for making it last.

—Jean Cleland



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A Woman in the Garden

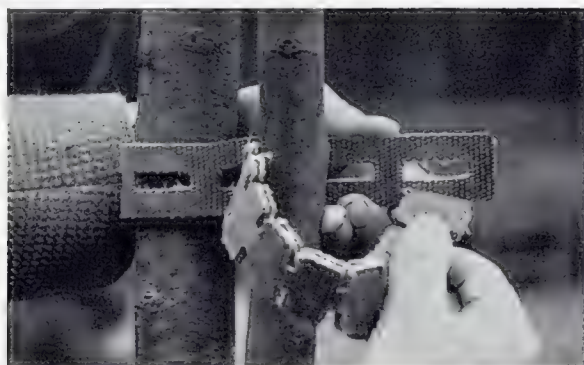
VALUE OF THE CLOCHE



The freshness of a lettuce is delightful, and with the use of cloches they can be had as early as April, as in the picture above



Under cloches, strawberries (left) fruit in early June, and the perpetual fruiting varieties continue to yield until November



Now is the time to check the security of climbing and standard plants. These easily-fixed, adjustable ties (above) do not cut into the vulnerable bark



Climbing plants such as clematis should, unless they can weave themselves among the branches of shrubs and trees, be firmly secured against autumn gales

I LOATHE cloches, but we have to have them in the garden because they give us those early crops which are so valuable—the early peas, beans and lettuces, not to mention the early daffodils and tulips. I dislike them because I am always terrified of cutting my fingers, and I have not yet learned to walk pigeon-toed along the glass covered rows (one tip I have picked up from a cloche-minded friend is to wear a pair of wash leather gloves when I am fitting the cloches together). But, for all my hatred of cloches, I have blessed them many times in the past few years for their usefulness.

Just now we are gathering enough strawberries off our perpetual fruiting varieties—St. Claude and Sans Rival—to give the family a dish or two a week and, on the odd occasion in-between, two or three strawberries to make a dish with ice cream. But this is the time when we put our few cloches to good use. The lettuce, variety *Attractive*, sown now under cloches, will give us luscious lettuces at the end of March or early in April when they are about 1s. in the shops. One cloche we devote to onions. Sown thinly, the onions will grow quietly during the winter and give us plenty of plants which we shall be able to put out early in the spring.

BUT, as far as vegetables are concerned, we get the best dividend from peas and broad beans sown in the autumn. The pea variety that has excelled itself in our garden for the past years is *Feltham First*. It has a good flavour, and with any luck we are picking the first pods about the third week of May. In late springs we have to wait until, perhaps, the first week of June, but even so we feel a surge of pride in being able to offer our guests fresh peas in early June. There are several other varieties suitable for sowing under cloches in the autumn, but *Feltham First* has always lived up to its name and in consequence we have decided to stick to it.

Early broad beans are always worth while. We have picked up a trick from our Devonshire friends, and we use the first pods that form when they are very small, tender, and succulent, as “slashers.” We slice the whole pod up as one would a French bean; it makes a most delicate dish. The older pods, of course, we open up, using the beans inside. The variety we sow under cloches at the end of October or early in November is *Sutton's Colossal*. It is recommended for spring sowing, but we have always found it works very well under cloches in the autumn. It might be wise in cold districts to sow one of the *Windsor* type such as *Aquadulce Claudia*.

FRIENDS ask me what type of cloche I prefer. This is a difficult question to answer: all types of cloche have their advantages and disadvantages. But I have come to the conclusion that the flat-topped cloches are really the most convenient. The plants seem to grow better under a flat top than under the barn-type cloches. Also, there is the advantage that one can lift the top glass off when the plants get too tall, and the sides continue to give a good deal of protection. One can plant four or five rows of daffodils or tulips under this type and it is amazing how many bulbs can be packed into quite a small space.

REMINDERS. Check the ties on wall climbers and all trees or standard roses that are tied to stakes. Autumn gales will soon find faulty ties. Check also that the ties are not cutting into the bark of standard trees.

Put a cloche over one or two parsley plants, to give a supply during the winter.

Put the pea sticks, bean poles, and other stakes under cover, and if you have time clean off the ends and dip them in green Cuprinol to preserve them.

If you have frames, they will need some extra protection during the winter, and it is worth while buying some hessian, dipping it in a waterproofing fluid and getting it ready before the severe frosts.

Lift the gladioli, and hang them up to dry in a frost proof shed. When the corms part cleanly from the stems, store them away safely from frost for the winter.

Cut down early flowering chrysanthemums to within about a foot of the soil. Lift them, and put them in their winter quarters in a cold frame.

—Betty Hay



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DINING OUT

Chartreuse country

LAST week I described the first stage of our pilgrimage to the Grande Chartreuse, with particular reference to the excellent meals served on the crack train "Le Mistral" which took us there. After a most comfortable journey I had a chat with the chef, Guy Desjours, who has been on the train for three years, trying to discover how he prepared and presented, in the manner in which he did, two services from a kitchen measuring about twelve feet by six feet, with a preparation room about six feet square—a miracle of improvisation.

Arriving in Grenoble we set off for the Hotel Les Trois Dauphins, where we were met by the Directors of the Compagnie de la Grande Chartreuse, and had a straightforward *table d'hôte* dinner off the menu: soup, fish, veal. What interested me were the wines provided, all of which were quite unknown to me, and local *vins de Savoie*. There was a Clairnet Rose, a white Crepy, which had a strange, smoky flavour, and a Roussette, another white Savoie wine made from the Roussette grape and one of the most popular white wines of the Savoie.

The next day we met delegates from seven other European countries, and one from the U.S.A., and departed in an immense autobus to do a tour of the mountain district in the vicinity—up and round at least ten thousand hairpins, or so it seemed, and down and round an equal number frequently a few inches from some appalling precipice.

So it was with great relief when we arrived at the Hotel Beausejour at Moirans; a relief in particular to myself, because I had experienced some years before the gastronomic marvels which M. Seigle, the chef-proprietor, could produce, and he soon proved that he had lost none of his old cunning. It was a meal to be remembered, and here is the menu (being Friday no meat was served, but that, indeed, was no hardship!).

Melon Glace au Porto; Medaillons de Langoustes en Bellevue; Truites Saumonees Farcies aux Queues d'Ecrevisses; Fonds d'Artichauts Garnis de Morilles a la Creme; Plateau de Fromages, Souffle "Chartreuse"; Mignardises; Corbeilles de Fruits.

Before lunch, to restore our nerves and to sharpen our appetites, an aperitif was served called "Romanoff," and we were told that at one time it was a favourite pick-me-up of King Edward VII. I felt, having had a couple, that I could pick up an elephant! It is served in a tall glass into which are poured two good measures of Yellow Chartreuse or, if you are a man of iron, Green Chartreuse which is 96 deg. proof, the glass then being filled up with champagne.

The wines which followed were Crepy Goutte d'Or '53 and Hermitage Rochefine '52.

That evening, after more mad mountaineering, we were regaled with another fine feast at the Restaurant Rostang at Sassenage. Again the chef-proprietor, Jean-Rostang, produced a very fine meal which included *Mousselin de Brochets aux Queues d'Ecrevisses* and *Sarcelles sur Canape*. Only Hugo Wortham, among those present, knew the correct translation for "sarcelles," which is "teal."

The wines were Pouilly Fuisse and Hospices de Beaune Dom Perignon, followed by a liqueur much favoured in the district and named "Episcopale"—I frequently have it in London. It is a mixture of one-third Green Chartreuse and two-thirds Yellow Chartreuse. If I am feeling a little jaded I switch it the other way round. In any case they mix very well.

—I. Bickerstaff

Start young. That's the secret. At nine years old take command of a 15-ton eight-wheel Leyland Octopus (you stand on the pedals if your legs are short). At sixteen, fit a Ford-Ten engine into an Austin Seven and drive it smack through the vicar's hedge. At twenty-five, why sure . . .

. . . sure! . . . you *might* be another Peter Collins, with thousands of excited fans rooting solidly for you at Rome, Rheims, Le Mans, Aintree . . . And if, like the real Peter Collins, you managed to combine all that with a most natural, friendly charm and an instinct for discovering what's best in this world, you'd celebrate your biggest triumphs quietly with your delightful wife — and Martini. (Real Martini, from a real Martini bottle. Straight Martini, just by itself.) Are we right, Peter? Right!



Better drink

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PRIDE OF COGNAC

REMY MARTIN



DINING IN

Serving chicory

JUST when we have our own home-grown, worthy, but unexotic vegetables to look forward to in the coming winter months, chicory (or Belgian endive) makes its appearance and will be available until April. This chicory, beautifully firm and plump, like an outsize fat cigar in shape, must not be confused with the widespread curly endive which is also now obtainable. To many of us, this simple chicory is a joy—as a salad "green" (it is mainly white), a cooked vegetable or part of a main dish. Looking at it from this point of view, one must remark upon its versatility.

True, it has a slightly bitter taste, which is its virtue to many folk. Correct cooking, however, dispels this. Other virtues are that it is easily digestible and it is claimed for chicory that it contains an abundance of minerals and vitamins.

As a salad, chicory, like lettuce, can stand alone. After removing the outer leaves, cut it in rounds or, as I prefer, lengthwise down almost to the root end and then across, and dress it with a normal French dressing—that is, three to four tablespoons of olive oil, one tablespoon of wine vinegar, pepper and salt to taste and, if you wish, a pinch of sugar. Lemon juice, of course, can replace the vinegar.

Recently, for the first time, I came across an oil and tomato ketchup dressing in France, and very good it was. Do try it. Add just enough of the ketchup to the oil to make a thickish sauce which can be thinned down, if you like, with vinegar or lemon juice. Quartered tomatoes and sliced beetroot are good companions for chicory in a salad, except that the tomatoes tend to become "undone" and the beetroot bleeds its colour and thus, between them, spoil the appearance of the snow-white chicory!

TO serve chicory as an important main dish, try Endive Supreme. Start with 4 good-sized chicories for 4 servings. Cover with cold water containing a pinch of salt and a tablespoon of lemon juice. This should keep them a good colour. Otherwise, they tend to darken. Boil them for 20 to 25 minutes. Drain, then press in a folded linen cloth to absorb the remaining moisture. Wrap each with a thin slice of boiled ham. Place side by side in a buttered heat-proof entrée dish and cover with Mornay sauce, medium thin or thick according to the way you like it best. The cheese to use is Gruyère and Parmesan, half and half, to taste, but grated dry Cheddar or Cheshire will do very well. Sprinkle with further cheese and brown in a hottish oven (425 deg. F., or gas mark 7).

Here is another version of this dish: Wrap each boiled and water-free chicory with rindless streaky bacon. In a casserole (iron for ease), melt 2 oz. butter and in it gently cook for a few minutes 3 to 4 sliced small carrots and 2 to 3 sliced onions. Turn them over and over in the butter. Place the bacon-wrapped chicory on top with a bouquet garni, very little salt (remembering the bacon), freshly milled pepper to taste and about a breakfastcup of chicken stock. (Water and one of those chicken bouillon cubes will do very well.) Cover and cook very gently for 30 to 40 minutes.

Drain off the stock into a small pan. Add a teaspoon of arrowroot, blended with a tablespoon of water, and bring to the boil. If you would like to brown the sauce, add less than a drop of caramel colouring.

Pour this sauce over the chicories and serve direct from the casserole, first removing the bouquet garni.

Reverting to my article last week on mayonnaise, a reader has asked me how to make one of the many good sauces based on it—Sauce Tartare for grilled fish, especially sole (some like it, also, with spatchcock chicken). To the mayonnaise recipe as given, simply add a teaspoon each of chopped pickled gherkins and capers, squeezed in a cloth to extract the liquid from them, a small teaspoon each of chopped parsley, chervil and tarragon, and about a half-teaspoon of made mustard—which could be French mustard.

—Helen Burke



Miss Elizabeth Ann Knight, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ronald Knight, of The Grange, Crawley, Sussex, is engaged to Mr. Hugh Graham Greatwood, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. H. E. Greatwood, and of Mrs. Greatwood, of Coolham House, Coolham, Sussex



Miss Alice Barbara Meachim, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Meachim, of Didsbury, Manchester, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Ruscoe Whiteside, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Whiteside, of Hyde Park Street, London, W.2

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Audrey Finn, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Finn, of Highlands, Salisbury, Rhodesia, and Kingswood, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. John Anthony Bowden, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bowden, of Hillside, Salisbury, Rhodesia



Miss Pamela M. Pizey, elder daughter of Admiral Sir Mark Pizey and Lady Pizey, of Admiralty House, Plymouth, is engaged to Lt. J. B. Hawkins, R.N., son of Capt. A. Hawkins, R.N., and of Mrs. Hawkins, of H.M.S. Phoenixia, Malta



Miss Penelope Stanford, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. K. Stanford, of Coneybury House, West Amesbury, Wiltshire, is engaged to Mr. Michael J. S. Charles, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Charles, of Lower Lanham, Alresford, Hants



Miss Georgina Maxwell Morris, daughter of Mr. Maxwell Morris, of Cleveland Row, S.W.1, and of Mrs. Freda Morris, of Kensington, W.8, is engaged to Mr. Richard F. Stone, son of Sir Leonard and Lady Stone, of Tarporley, Cheshire



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Robson—Gladstone. Mr. Nigel J. Robson, son of Col. the Hon. Harold and Mrs. Robson, of Witley, Surrey, married Miss Anne Gladstone, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Gladstone, of Crockham Hill, Kent, at Crockham Hill Church



Wroughton—MacLeod. Mr. Philip L. Wroughton, son of Colonel and Mrs. M. Wroughton, of Wantage, Berkshire, married Miss Catriona H. I. MacLeod, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacLeod, at Horsham Parish Church, Sussex

RECENTLY MARRIED



Maude—Gardner. The Hon. Robert L. E. Maude, elder son of Viscount and Viscountess Hawarden, recently married Miss Susannah Caroline Hyde Gardner, daughter of the late Major Charles Gardner, and of Mrs. Gardner, of Shanklin, Isle of Wight, at Canterbury Cathedral



Charrington—Tidbury. Capt. Gerald Anthony Charrington, son of Brig. H. V. S. Charrington and Mrs. Charrington, of Basingstoke, married Miss Susan Tidbury, daughter of Brig. O. H. Tidbury, of Layer de la Haye, Essex, and of the late Mrs. Tidbury, at St. Mary's, Layer Marney



Nutt—Barron. Mr. Charles Lee Nutt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Nutt, of Long Island, New York, U.S.A., was recently married to Miss Juliet Barron, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Barron, of Woodcote Road, Caversham, at St. Peter's, Caversham, Berkshire



Bazire—Boyd. Mr. Theodore Walter Bazire, son of the Rev. R. V. Bazire, Rural Dean of Battersea, and Mrs. Bazire, married Miss Penelope Ann Boyd, daughter of Dr. J. Lister Boyd, of Bryanston Court, W.1, and of Mrs. E. M. Hutchison, of Hampton, at St. Peter's Church, Vere Street

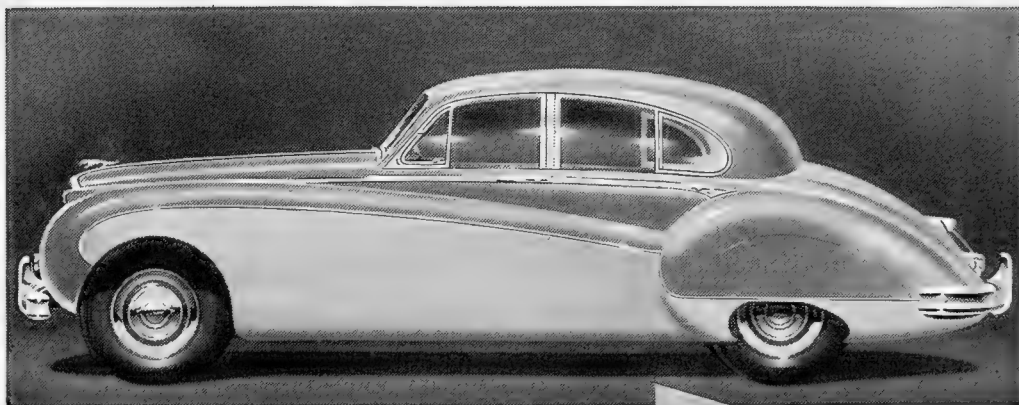
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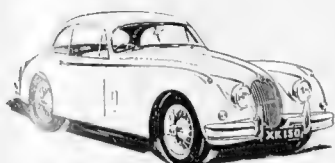


Few cars can have received such unstinted praise from press and public as the brilliant Jaguars which constitute the range for 1958. All the models in this range are those which, since their introduction, have proved to be so outstandingly successful that they are to be continued without major changes although, in some instances, with additional features. Dunlop disc brakes become available as optional extra equipment on the 3.4-litre and 2.4-litre models, and Borg Warner Automatic Transmission is offered also as an optional extra, on the 2.4-litre. Thus, every car in the entire range may now be obtained with automatic transmission. In the diversity of models offered and the variety of optional equipment now made available, the Jaguar range for 1958 presents the widest field of choice ever provided in the history of the Company.

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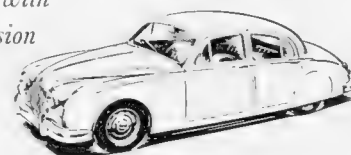
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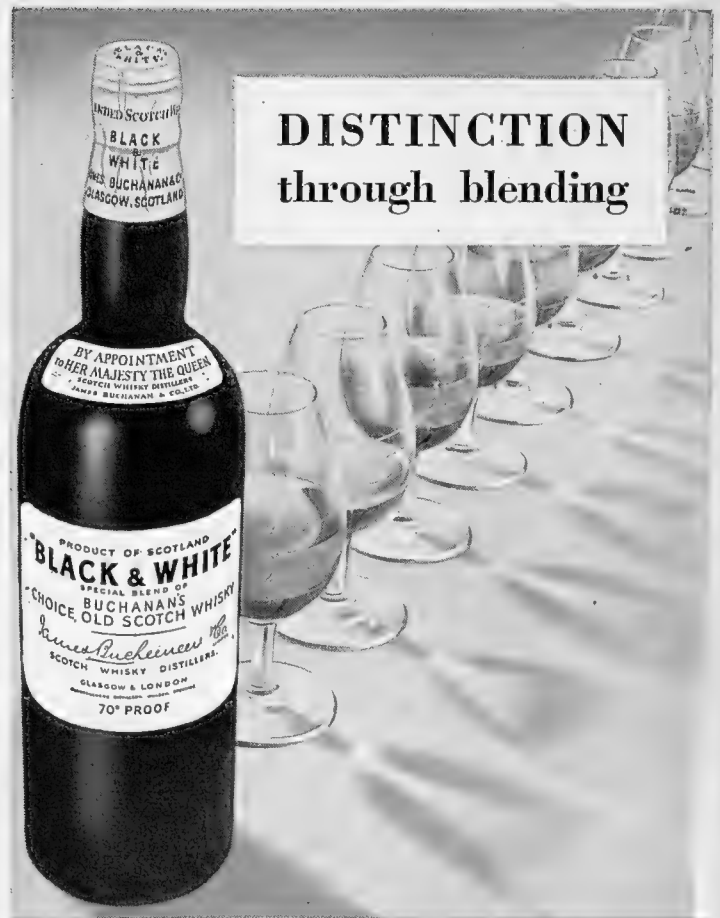


Black tie or white tie?

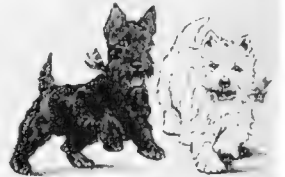
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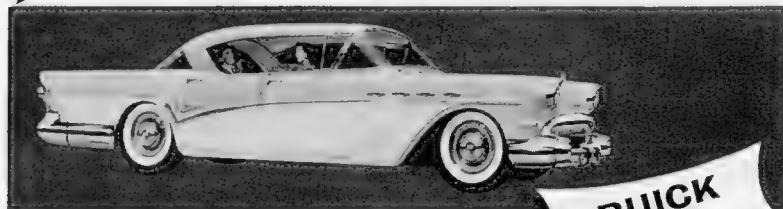
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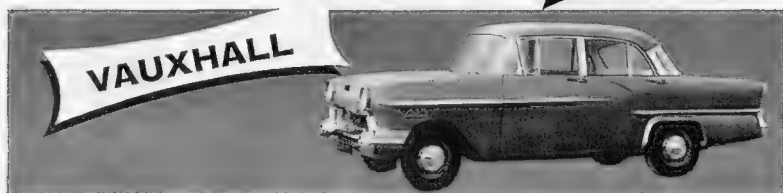
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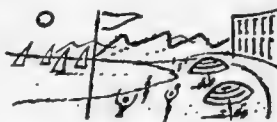
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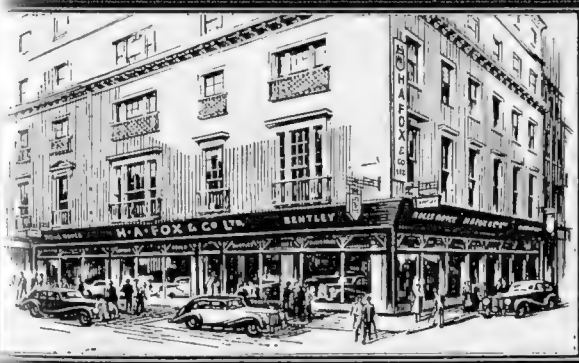
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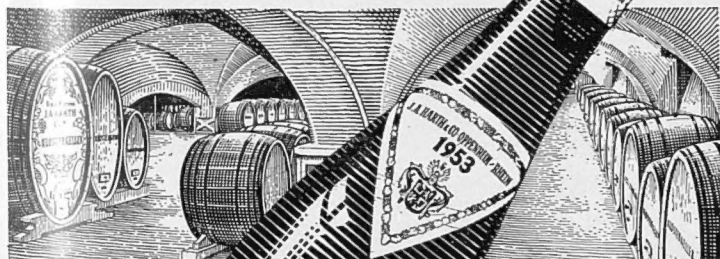


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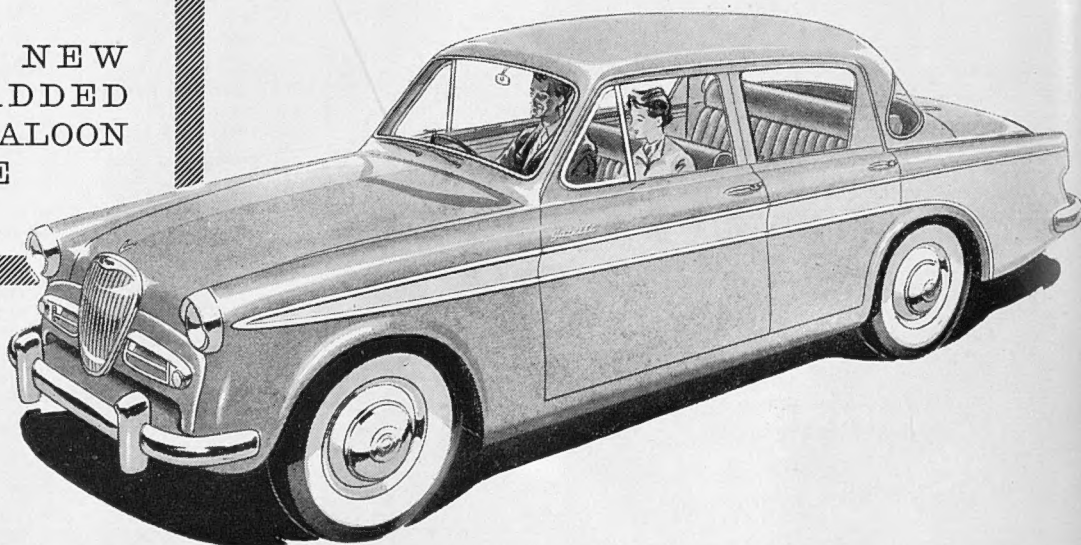
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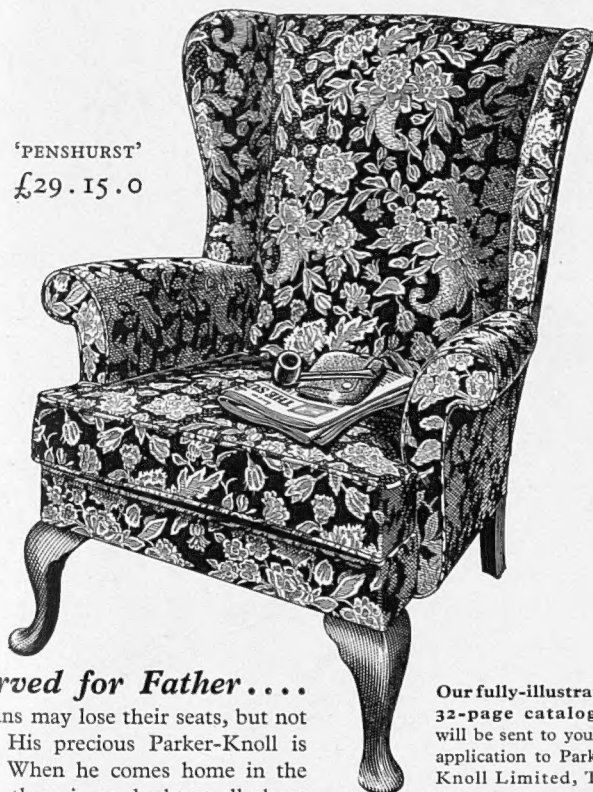
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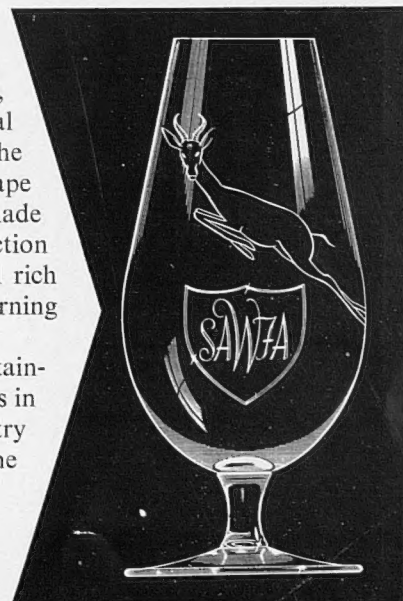
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